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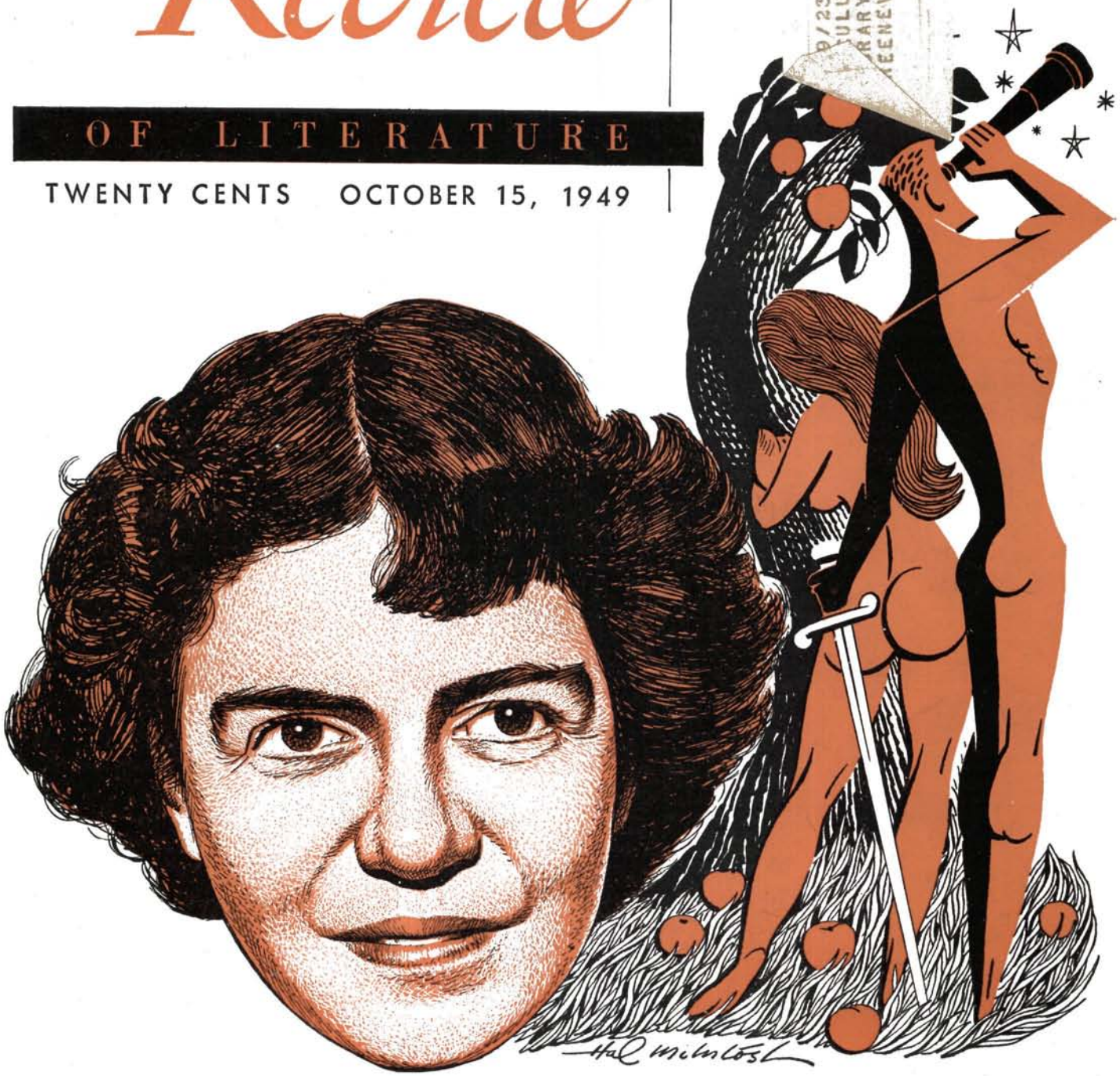

Margaret Mead, author of "Male and Female." (See page 10)

The Strange Death of Edgar Allan Poe

By PHILIP VAN DOREN STERN

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October 15, 1949

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THE LITERARY SCENE

• • In London, a young man was apprehended in the act of pilfering a couple of lurid sex manuals from the Bumpus book store. In court he explained that he had been too embarrassed to ask the clerk for the titles he wanted. "I found myself blushing like a schoolboy," he testified. The kindly magistrate said, "I'll give you six months in jail to recover your normal complexion."

• • In Washington, John Mason Brown, like all good fathers, led his two sons, Meredith, eight, and Preston, twelve, on a tour of all the historic spots, including, of course, a side trip to Mt. Vernon. Months later, Brown came across a picture of Mt. Vernon in a magazine and decided to discover how much, if anything, the boys had learned from their trip to the Capital. "Meredith," he asked, "do you know what place this is?" "Don't be silly, Pop," answered Meredith. "Everybody knows that. It's Howard Johnson's."

• • In Dallas, the Cokesbury Book Store opened a snazzy annex, and Manager Jimmy Albright got his picture in *Time* magazine.

• • In Toronto, John Kidd, veteran Cincinnati bookseller, lost his life in the *Noronic* catastrophe, and plunged the entire book world into deep mourning.

• • In Philadelphia, the William Dorrance Company (Mr. Dorrance is a member of the Campbell Soup family) published a book called "Missouri Lawyer," by John T. Barker. One chapter deals with a case tried before Harry Truman when he was a judge, and is very complimentary to him and his handling of the affair. The President read the book and was deeply pleased. On White House stationery, he wrote a note to William Dorrance, expressing his satisfaction, praising the book, and ordering a dozen copies at the regular retail price. Dorrance, a dyed-in-the-wool Republican, didn't react as people normally would to a personal letter from the President of the United States. Silent and unsmiling, he tossed it carelessly on the order clerk's desk. The order clerk was more enthusiastic. "Mr. Dorrance," he said excitedly, "don't you think we ought to give the President of the country a discount?" Dorrance thought it over for a moment, and then said grudgingly, "All right, give him 5 per cent." And so twelve copies of "Missouri Lawyer" went to President Truman with neither comment nor acknowledgment, billed at a 5-per-cent discount.

• • In Manhattan, Mrs. Pyke Johnson summed up a risqué new novel as "Eros is Eros is Eros."

• • In London, Evelyn Waugh, giving the back of his hand to Hollywood, jeered, "Each book purchased for motion pictures has some individual quality, good or bad, that has made it remarkable. It is the work of a great array of highly paid and incompatible writers to distinguish this quality, separate it, and obliterate it."

• • In Worcester, a bookseller received a letter from an aggrieved customer which pointed out, "Four weeks ago I sent you a check for a dictionary with no index. All I have received to date is no index."

• • In Lima, Walter Wilder clipped this illuminating foreword from "The Official Blue Guide to Peru":

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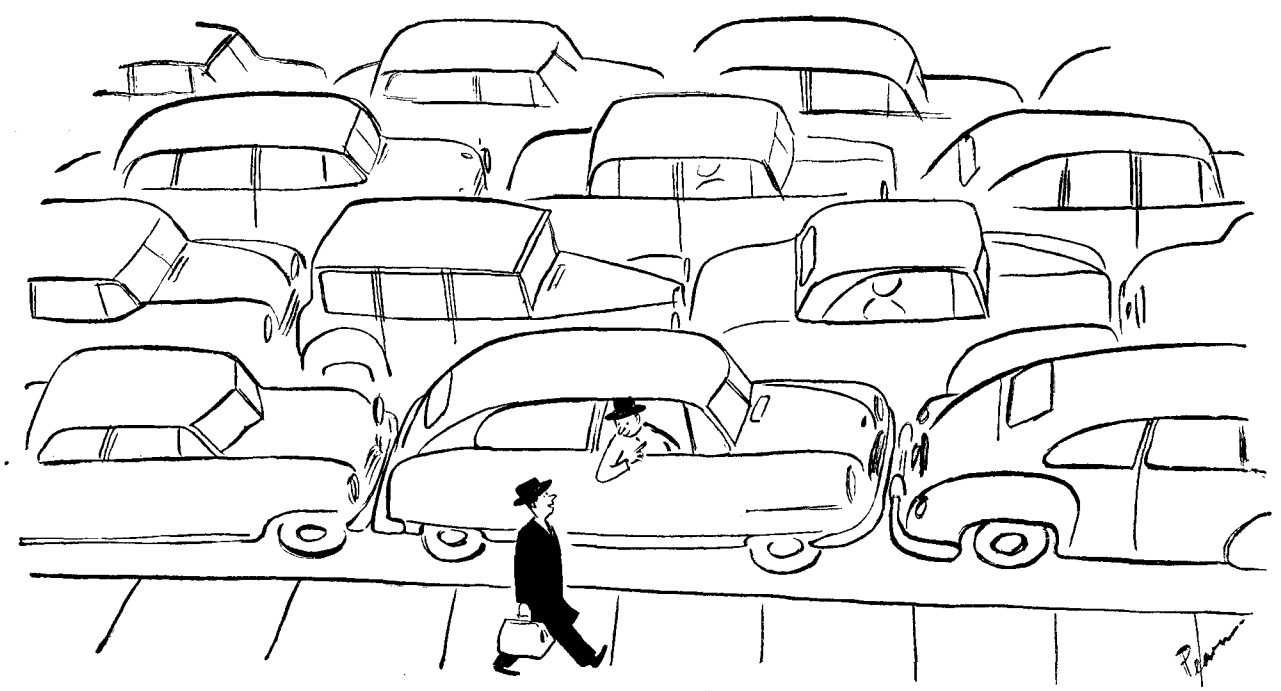
>
> Our readers will apprecaite in a definitive way the strain that means in our local scenary the publication of a many idioms guide as a coincidence with the begginning of post-war, circumstances that will influence powerfully with the spread of word's travelling; source of progress wealthiness for all the progressive and culture like countrys.

• • In Washington, Emily Steele asked a custodian of magazines in the



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Library of Congress for an issue of *SRL* dated August 14. She returned to report, "The issue of the 14th seems to be missing—but here are *two* issues of the 7th."

• • In the TV show "This Is Broadway," George S. Kaufman remarked, "Show business is in worse shape today than book publishing. Things are so bad on Broadway and in Hollywood that an actor is lucky to be miscast!"

• • In St. Louis, Judge Thomas R. McGinnis was lecturing a saucy young lady on the evils of speeding, suddenly noticed the title of a book she was carrying and demanded, "Is there any significance in your bringing that particular book to court today?" The book, modesty permits me to say, was "Try and Stop Me."

• • In San Francisco, philosopher Will Durant was inclined to take Russia's discovery of the atom bomb in stride. "Certainly the world situation is all fouled up—but then it always has been," he said. "What we call progress merely increases our ability to do the same evil to one another as previous generations have done. The tools have changed. The atom bomb? Muskets used at Cressy were just as destructive in their time."

• • In a mid-town publishing office, a young lady applied for an editorial post, giving as qualification the fact that she had majored in English and philosophy at college. The editor thought she looked rather frivolous, and inquired skeptically, "Are you up on the writings of Toynbee, Maritain, and Dewey?" She seemed taken aback for a moment, then smiled brightly, and admitted, "I haven't read much of Dewey, but I did hear all his campaign speeches on the radio."

• • In Beverly Hills, near Martindale's Book Store, says Ralph Hancock in "Fabulous Boulevard," there is an oversized manhole cover that is the scene of feverish activity late each night. A truck drives to the spot and pumps out gallons of crude petroleum —a precautionary measure to keep one of the most glamorous strips of Wilshire Boulevard from blowing up! (A lot nearby—not a corner property —sold for $1,700 in 1909, for $450,000 in 1949.)

• • In Chicago, Nelson Algren's new novel, "The Man with the Golden Arm," was launched on the wings of a party at Stuart Brent's Sevenstairs Bookshop which attracted such a crowd that an apprehensive passer-by summoned the police reserves.

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• • In Hoboken, novelist E. M. Forster, author of "A Passage to India," paused to investigate the art of the strip-tease at a local "burlecue" emporium, commented later, "Why ever did they take off their clothes? They looked much sexier with them on. And what were their movements and the noises they made supposed to indicate? I think they were taking off the Rockettes. It was too subtle for me!"

• • In Philadelphia, Charles Lee, who writes the kind of snappy reviews advertising agents love to quote, joined the University of Pennsylvania's English Department, and signed as literary critic of the *Newark Star-Ledger, Long Island Press, Syracuse Herald-American,* and *Harrisburg Patriot-News.* Charlie's predecessor on the last sheet, looking down her nose at John O'Hara's "A Rage to Live" (its locale, "Fort Penn," is obviously Harrisburg), concluded, "I wouldn't hobnob with people like Grace Tate, so why should I read about that kind of woman? But I did read the book from front to back!"

• • In Dallas, Lon Tinkle has discovered one merchant who is optimistic about the current business picture. He is an old scissors grinder who makes his headquarters near the *Daily News* plant, and he told Tinkle happily, "I'm having my biggest season. I never saw things so dull."

• • In Garden City, Doubleday elevated Editor Ken McCormick and Sales Manager Tom Burns to the Board of Directors. Louise Thomas was named director of promotions. The book world approved heartily.

• • On Madison Avenue, Pat Knopf was leaving his office at his usual quitting hour of three-thirty when he noticed a truck driver at the curb struggling unsuccessfully with a heavy case of books. "I'll give you a hand," volunteered Pat. The two seized opposite ends of the case and huffed and puffed several moments to no avail. "I'm afraid it's hopeless," gasped Pat. "We'll never get it on the truck." "ON?" screamed the driver. "I'm trying to get it OFF."

—BENNETT CERF.

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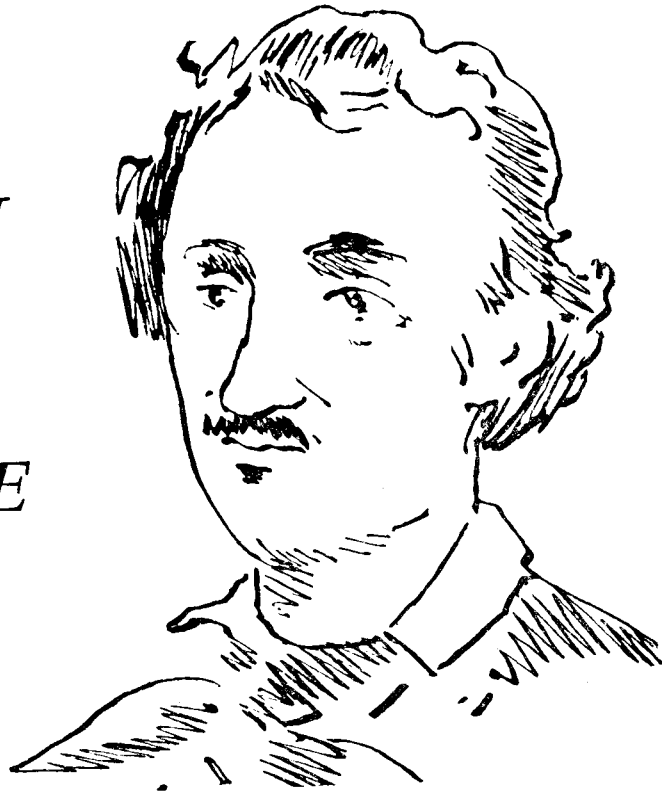
The STRANGE DEATH of EDGAR ALLAN POE

PHILIP VAN DOREN STERN



—Edouard Manet, collection of Alderman Library, University of Virginia.

Edgar Allan Poe: "Lord, help my poor soul!"

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Just 100 years ago this month Edgar Allan Poe died in a Baltimore hospital after having been picked up unconscious in a saloon that was being used as a polling place for a local election. Here are the results of the latest research into the mysterious circumstances surrounding his death. This article by Philip Van Doren Stern was prepared after research into primary source materials in the Library of the University of Virginia, the Library of Congress, the Enoch Pratt Library in Baltimore, the New York Public Library, the Boston Public Library, and the Harvard University Library. Work was also done in Richmond, but it proved rather unfruitful. All the documents quoted are originals or photostatic copies except in one or two cases where the originals have disappeared. In such cases the earliest printings were referred to.*

THE need for saving fifty cents helped send Poe to his death. When he started out for Richmond in 1849 he had a choice of two routes between New York and Philadelphia. The most direct way was to go by ferry to Jersey City and take the New York and Philadelphia Railroad to Tacony, Pennsylvania, where a steamer carried passengers six miles down the Delaware River to their destination. The other way was to leave the Battery by steamer for South Amboy, the Eastern terminal of the Camden and Amboy Railroad, which ran across New Jersey to Camden, where passengers to Philadelphia were ferried over the river. Either trip required about five hours, but the Amboy route was fifty cents cheaper on the second-class cars. That is probably why Poe chose it, for, as always, he was desperately short of money.

He and his mother-in-law, Mrs. Maria Clemm, had left their Fordham home the day before and had spent the night in down-town Brooklyn, at the home of Mrs. Sarah Anna Lewis, a minor poetess whose husband had paid Poe to "correct" and publicize his wife's verses. Poe seems to have been in reasonably good spirits when he parted from Mrs. Clemm on the deck of the *John Potter*, the side-wheeler that took passengers to Amboy on its regular noonday run. But during the sail down the Bay something happened that aroused his latent insanity. Perhaps someone induced him to take a drink, or perhaps ships and the open water had a disturbing effect upon him. He was again to experience a strange sea-change three months later when he embarked at Richmond for the last water journey he was ever to undertake.

At South Amboy Poe caught the Philadelphia train, but before it reached Bordentown he was out of his mind. According to the story he told afterwards to John Sartain, the Philadelphia artist, he was convinced that two men in the seat behind him were plotting to murder him. Fortunately, they got off the train at Bordentown, but by that time Poe was completely insane. He reached Philadelphia, but there he disappeared for several days. He told Sartain that he had been arrested for the "lying charge of theft of a $50 bill" and confined in Moyamensing Prison overnight. While he was in prison—if he actually was—he had a strange and horrible vision. When he related it to Sartain he said that he had seen a beautiful woman standing on the granite parapet, dressed in flowing robes.

> She showed me [he said] some of the terrible torments I would have to undergo. Ah! what a sight! Great caldrons of boiling liquor, steaming and fizzling in the moonlight. But I saw the trap set by the conspirators, and told her so, boldly. If I once faltered, down, down, she would plunge me to the chin in the burning brandy, there to squirm, like Tantalus, with parched throat, starting eyeballs, and agonies of pain. Then a pack of demons brought my *mother* to the caldron, chopped off her feet before my eyes, then her knees, her thighs, her arms, and at last plunged the poor, bleeding trunk into the reeking, bubbling cauldron.

"By his mother," Sartain explained, recounting the episode to a roving Texas reporter in 1883, "Poe intended

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Mrs. Clemm. I do not know the precise relations which existed between them, but he once or twice referred to her as tempting him."

The next morning, still according to Sartain, Poe was recognized by the examining magistrate and released. He then went to Sartain's studio to seek help, for he was in a highly distraught state of mind, still babbling incoherently about the conspirators who wanted to kill him. He insisted on shaving off his mustache to disguise his appearance. Since Sartain was unwilling to trust Poe with a razor, he took a scissors and did the barbering himself. The demented man kept begging for laudanum to quiet his nerves, so Sartain gave him a small dose of opium and stayed with him that night while he slept quietly under the influence of the drug.

When he awoke in the morning he was no better. During the day he escaped from the studio to wander through the streets of the city where he had once lived happily with Virginia. By nightfall he was far out in the Northern suburbs. He slept there in an open field, and the clean odor of the earth and grass, according to his own account, finally brought him to his senses. He returned to Sartain's studio in good enough shape to continue his journey. His money had been stolen, so some of his friends contributed ten dollars to send him on his way. Writing to Mrs. Clemm about his experiences in Philadelphia, Poe said:

> I have been *so* ill—have had the cholera, or spasms quite as bad, and can now hardly hold the pen. . . . I was never *really* insane, except on occasions where my heart was touched. I have been taken to prison once since I came here for getting drunk, but *then* I was not. It was about Virginia.

His valise had been "lost" during all this time, but he found it at the Philadelphia railroad station, where he had doubtless checked it on arrival. The manuscripts of two lectures he had intended to give in the South were missing—stolen, Poe insisted with insane conviction.

One of his friends put him on the train for Baltimore, where he took the steamer to Richmond and arrived there without further mishap. He immediately wrote to Mrs. Clemm, closing the letter by saying:

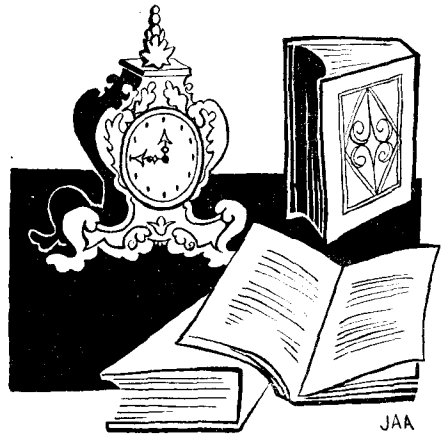
> I got here with two dollars over (from the ten dollars he had borrowed in Philadelphia)—of which I enclose you one. Oh, God, my Mother, shall we ever again meet? If possible, oh COME! My clothes are *so horrible*, and I am *so ill*. Oh, if you could come to me, my mother. Write instantly—oh *do not* fail. God forever bless you.

Five days later he again wrote to Mrs. Clemm, telling her that he was much better. Describing the attack he had had in Philadelphia, he said: "For more than ten days I was totally deranged, although I was not drinking one drop; and during this interval I imagined the most horrible calamities. All was hallucination, arising from an attack I had never before experienced—an attack of *mania-à-potu*." Since mania-à-potu is the medical term that was then used for delirium tremens, it is hard to believe Poe was telling the truth about having had nothing to drink. But he was thoroughly frightened by what had happened to him—so frightened that he officially took the temperance pledge soon after his arrival in Richmond.

Richmond was the city of his youth. There his mother was buried, and there his sister Rosalie was still living. She had been adopted by a local family who did not tell her that she had a brother until she was nearly grown up. She was mentally subnormal, a strange and pathetic creature who now idolized her celebrated brother and annoyed him by following him everywhere he went. The sight of her must have been a sharp reminder to Poe of the dark strain he had inherited, for his father was reputed to have been a wastrel and drunkard, and his elder brother, William Henry Poe, had died of alcoholism and tuberculosis at the age of twenty-four.

Poe had friends in the city, but instead of staying with them, he took a room at the Swan Tavern near the Capitol. Knowing so many people in Richmond was unfortunate, for they kept inviting him to drink. After his second disastrous bout with liquor, a friendly doctor warned Poe that further indulgence would be fatal. That may have been what persuaded him to take the temperance pledge.

Much of his time was spent renewing old acquaintanceships, but he never lost sight of the main purpose of his visit—the raising of capital for his projected magazine, *The Stylus*. E. H. N. Patterson, a young newspaper publisher living in Oquawka, Illinois, had promised some financial support, but Poe needed more capital, and he wanted to obtain subscribers while he was in the South. He hoped to get some money by lecturing. Since he had arrived in Richmond penniless, he must have been living all this time on what he could borrow, probably promising to repay the lenders from his lecture receipts. The first lecture, "The Poetic Principle," was given in the concert room of the Exchange Hotel on the evening of August 17. It was well attended and favorably noticed in the newspapers, but with an admission price of twenty-five cents it could not have been very profitable. However, another lecture was scheduled for nearby Norfolk, and Poe was urged to repeat his appearance in Richmond.



MEANWHILE, something happened that promised to solve permanently all the problems of Poe's tangled life. Years before when he was at the University of Virginia he had fallen in love with a Richmond girl, Sarah Elmira Royster. They had actually become engaged, but her father opposed the marriage and in true nineteenth-century style had intercepted Poe's letters to his daughter, so that she naturally thought her suitor had lost interest. At seventeen, she married Alexander B. Shelton, and the brief romance with Poe was over. Shelton died in 1844, leaving his widow an estate of about $50,000. Poe now met his former sweetheart and began to woo her again. She agreed to marry him, but their engagement—or "understanding" as she preferred to call it—was not made public.

However, the prospect of marrying a wealthy widow completely changed Poe's plans. At last he had in sight everything he had wanted—a woman to take care of him, an assured position in society, and, most important of all, financial independence with enough money at his command to put into effect his long-cherished plan for starting his magazine. He wrote to Mrs. Clemm announcing the forthcoming marriage and told her that he was going to bring her to Richmond for the ceremony. Meanwhile, since he was still in need of ready cash, he went ahead with his lectures. And when a Mr. St. Leon Loud, the husband of a Philadelphia poetess, offered him $100 to "edit" his wife's verses, Poe gladly accepted the proposal and agreed to stop off in Philadelphia to pick up the manuscript when he went north for Mrs. Clemm.

(Continued on page 28)

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Ideas and Studies.

For almost 2,000 years countless theologians, philosophers, and biographers have wrestled with the task of interpreting the life and teachings of Jesus, their labors stimulated in no small degree by the scarce and often contradictory source material available. This week Pierre van Paassen adds another volume to this massive bibliography with his explanation of "Why Jesus Died" (reviewed on page 11). Forthcoming issues of SRL will review other books dealing with the elusive and powerful personality of Jesus, among them Harry Emerson Fosdick's "The Man from Nazareth" and Marcel Hamon's "Nightfall at Noon." . . . In "Male and Female" Margaret Mead writes of the relationship between the sexes, drawing liberally upon her experiences of native civilization in the South Seas. See this week's editorial (page 22) for further comment on Miss Mead's book.

Sex Relations—Primitive & Sophisticated

MALE AND FEMALE: A Study of the Sexes in a Changing World. By Margaret Mead. New York: William Morrow & Co. 477 pp. $5.

By THERESE BENEDEK

THIS book expresses charmingly, but with deliberate precision, the womanliness of its author, and combines with it wisdom gained through the integration of her long experience in various fields of social research. In introducing the methodology of anthropological observations, Margaret Mead "calibrates her instrument"; she defines her position by stating: "This book is being written from the standpoint of a woman of middle age, of an American, and of an anthropologist."

The author was a young woman of twenty-three years when she went on her first field study to the Pacific Islands and let herself be indelibly impressed by the fact that in a world where people of both sexes, of all ages and sizes live together, slightly clothed and simply accepted, they experience a "two-sex world" with an undeniable directness. This is very different from the way "the *other* sex" or "the relationship of the sexes" is experienced in Occidental civilizations. The imprint of this "new world" upon the young research worker can still be felt in the alive sensitivity—an almost tenderness—with which she deals with her "cast" of the seven South Seas peoples whom she studied for many years, and whom the reader learns to know in their anthropological characteristics as one learns to know the dramatis personae of a play. Those stable, slowly changing civilizations cast their individuals in a static mold, which, while markedly different for each one of the seven anthropological units, permits but little individualization within one particular people. Thus the reader may easily follow the author in contrasting those stable patterns with the complex, fast-changing attitudes of the mobile population who participate in the present-day civilization of the United States.

The author, wholly committed to the belief that greater knowledge means greater freedom, discusses with the sincerity of a personal credo the obligation of the social scientist to spread knowledge, and his responsibility for doing it with respect and consideration for those who are taught. Just as a good psychotherapist will select, from all his insight into his patient's problem, that which the patient is able to face and will put this into words which will not hurt but heal, so Margaret Mead pleads for a therapeutic attitude of the social scientist. Knowing that "society is the patient," knowledge should be spread in a way which does not manipulate and coerce people into knowing and acting, but which can be slowly integrated into their awareness and thus may improve the functioning of democracy. This book, written for a broad audience, represents a brilliant integration of anthropological data with psychoanalytical concepts.

It is "the way of the body" to grow and to learn and fulfil its biological purpose in procreation. Are those ways unfolding blindly on the basis of an innate plan? What are the factors which may influence the end results of growth? What registers those "first informations" which remain forever

THE AUTHOR: Anthropology is a young science, and in it there have always been women. But to be agreeable to the Arapesh, Manus, and Tchambuli, Margaret Mead, associate curator at the American Museum of Natural History, recommends that female aspirants have substantial physical endurance and flexibility, a capacity to learn languages and remember nonsense syllables, be able to sleep anywhere, and "not be troubled by high levels of reserve, reticence, or repugnance." Dr. Mead is, additionally, small, plump, and blonde, and women who try to be anything but feminine irritate her. "I have always worn skirts," she reports. "I have always done a woman's job—never a man's." Ethnologically, that means being admitted to distaff quarters taboo to foreign males. Life in the "field," however scientific, is decidedly domestic. Miss Mead sets up a clinic and a household, where she cuddles and cooks for a sampling of youngsters, her métier. "You learn to make corn fritters from crocodile eggs. You go to bed with paper and pencil—because in the middle of the night a wonderful quarrel may waken you, and you'll want to take notes." A third-generation professional woman, she was twenty-three and a Barnard graduate when she went alone to Samoa on her initial expedition. So far she has participated in seven South Pacific expeditions and one American Indian, resulting in a capacious lecture circuit, numerous scientific papers, and, besides "Male and Female," the popular books "Coming of Age in Samoa," "Growing Up in New Guinea," "—From the South Seas," "And Keep Your Powder Dry," "The Changing Culture of an Indian Tribe," and, with her husband, photographer Gregory Bateson, "Balinese Character." She is now directing a series of studies on contemporary cultures—European and Chinese. Then there will be a book with Arnold Gesell, dovetailing their respective findings on American and Balinese children. During the war she wrote OWI pamphlets and interpreted GI's to the British. "In this country the girl says no; in England the man." It's just "knowing who says what."—R. G.

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different for the infants of the two sexes? No society, or development, can change the fact that children of both sexes are born and nursed by the mother and that by this they receive impulses of different meaning toward their maturation and sexual function. However distorted the mother-daughter relationship may be in a modern civilization, it appears that in Samoa it is exposed in its biological simplicity; there it seems to be apparent that the girl receiving the nipple in her mouth may respond with an impulse to grow with the tendency which will characterize her sexual function: namely, receptivity. The male child begins life also with the gratification of his receptivity; he must learn, however, to overcome it in order to respond to other impulses in his body, which finally will lead to activity in his maleness. Since woman's role in procreation is obvious, while the man's is not easily perceivable, the road to sexual maturation appears shorter and more assured for the girl than for the boy. The envy of the womb, the competition for the fulfilment in motherhood, as a central emotional experience, is easily detected by scientists in these groups.

Yet, society to survive must form patterns which come to terms with the differences between the sexes. Actually, these seven South Sea peoples demonstrate seven variations of the psychodynamic and sociological elaborations of the competition between the sexes. This, in turn, produces seven different shadings of rearing children. The culture, determined by the attitudes of man and woman toward each other, tends to perpetuate the same attitudes by means of educational techniques. Although these, too, are deeply rooted in the emotional life of the parents, the child does not learn through them exclusively. Learning by unconscious identification is probably even more significant in those societies where children develop among many adults and many children, and may learn "bodily" from the closeness of bodies around them. The significance of the various functions of the body and their meaning for the development of the individual, disguised in our culture, is exposed to observation there. Indeed, this is enviable material for studying the interaction between cultural and individual psychodynamic processes. Psychoanalysts have always suspected that ethnic characteristics, lasting patterns of group and national behavior, may be explained by such interaction. These small homogeneous societies with their stable, stylized roles for each seem to prove the point. Boy and girl grow up to remember what they have learned and to fulfil the pattern of their parents as husband and wife, and as parents. Their behavior is highly specific and predictable. The stylized and ever-repeated educational pattern of these slow-changing societies illuminates the opposite: the loosening of the educational patterns in societies in which ambitions and goals, or the means of achieving them, vary greatly and may change with each generation, in every family.

These are but a few of the problems discussed in this book, which poses many new problems and offers many new solutions for old ones. It will enrich the working library of the psychoanalyst as well as of the anthropologist. Since it conveys with sincerity and warmth that "observation and analysis can be carried on with affection constructive both for those who study and who are studied," it will spread tolerance and understanding; and this is, beyond the scientific, the ethical purpose of this work.

Therese Benedek, M. D., a Chicago psychiatrist, is author of "Insight and Personality Adjustment," "The Sexual Cycle in Women," and other works.

Christ and the Zealots

WHY JESUS DIED. By Pierre van Paassen. New York: The Dial Press. 283 pp. $3.

By Willard L. Sperry

MR. VAN PAASSEN grew up as a boy in a very conservative Dutch Calvinist home in Holland. Now, in his later years, settled in America since 1923, he has long been connected with the Unitarian movement and in 1946 was ordained to its ministry. It is significant that in his emancipation from rigid orthodoxy he did not swing over to candid secularism, but retained much of the spirit, if not the letter, of his hereditary faith. This book glows with religious fervor.

It is a matter of common critical knowledge that no "scientific" life of Jesus can be written. The sources are too fragmentary. The basic problems are the psychology of the Messiah and the motives or reasons for his crucifixion. The Gospels do their best to grapple with these matters, but both the Christian scholar Schweitzer and the Jewish scholar Montefiore agree that much is left to conjecture.

Pierre van Paassen: "The Kingdom of God is at hand."

The dust jacket of this book says that it is "the story of Jesus as it actually happened," and goes on to add that Van Paassen "cites facts never before mentioned." If this is so, either the publisher or the author owes us an unequivocal statement as to the sources for these facts. The four Gospels are, to all intents and purposes, the only considerable sources hitherto known to biographers and historians. Van Paassen draws on these Gospels in so far as they suit his argument; one might add that he draws more uncritically on John than do most scholars. But what new and other sources has he found?

He tells us, on an early page, that "it is extremely difficult to uncover even a particle of the human Jesus as he lies hidden in our New Testament under the solid mass of stories, legends, ideas, and doctrines." The one "Ariadne's thread" running through the text is, for Van Paassen, "the undying love of the poor for Jesus." That single fact is a sufficient voucher for his historicity.

But, undeterred by his own disclaimer as to the possibility of his task, the author then throws the reins over the head of his imagination and invention. There are vivid descriptions of the home in Nazareth, Jesus's own habits, interests, and even personal appearance. The verisimilitude is not seriously impaired by such reservations as "must have . . . probably" and the like. It is vivid and interesting reading. The style is not unlike that of Renan's romantic "Life of Jesus."

When we come to the subject of

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the book the argument is forthright. Jesus's ideas of the Kingdom of God were pure, simple, and unworldly. Unfortunately for him, he fell into the hands of a group of Zealots. His Messiahship was imposed upon him rather than self-assumed. He intended to go to Jerusalem to preach his own gospel, but found himself made the unwitting and perhaps unwilling tool of political fanatics who aimed at political insurrection—in the first instance, the capture of Jerusalem. His followers "used Jesus for their own ends," he being in the dark as to their intention.

The triumphal entry into Jerusalem on "Palm Sunday" failed to rally the populace. Jesus withdrew to the Garden of Gethsemane, hoping to return quietly to Galilee. Meanwhile his Zealot-followers staged a *putsch* by way of a secret attack on the citadel through the old, unguarded water course leading from the pool of Siloam to the Temple precincts. This desperate foray failed and the Romans found it advisable to dispose of the man whose name had been identified with the venture, although he was not its author. They took him in the Garden, suffering from an attack of "hematidrosis" (blood sweating, *cf.* Dr. Binet-Sanglé) "his teeth chattering and his lips deadly pale as he gasped for breath." The rest was routine police administration.

In a final chapter Van Paassen pays loyal tribute to what he believes to have been, and what indeed must have been, Jesus's own concern for a spiritual world order. He believes that now as then the "Kingdom of God is at hand" and we have only to open the door.

Meanwhile the motivation of this book is not unfamiliar. The publisher says that it is addressed to "all people who fought against the myth that the Jews were responsible for the death of Jesus." The lava which for centuries has overflowed from this controversy is still too hot to tread on.

Omen

By Hannah Kahn

THIS was promised long ago;
A child with a caul has far to go.

A child with a caul can be
Beyond the eye's swift lens.

A child with a caul can be
Aware, and is able to see

What another, not so wise,
Can only surmise.

Long ago I was born with a caul,
But it hasn't mattered at all.

A Defense of Metternich

CONSERVATISM REVISITED: The Revolt Against Revolt. By Peter Viereck. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 187 *pp.* $2.50.

By Geoffrey Bruun

HERE is a penetrating, paradoxical, and highly provocative book toward which no two readers will have an identical reaction. Professor Viereck steps on your toes, blows smoke into your eyes, and then draws you into a corner to persuade you that distrust of the undisciplined masses is a conviction you have long shared with the elite but dissembled in public. His essay is a perfectly-timed revaluation of history called forth by one of the war's subtler revenges. With Hitler's fall America has been cast unexpectedly into the role of the great anti-revolutionary power, a position comparable to that of Austria after the fall of Napoleon. The analogy is not wholly fantastic; on the contrary it is so apposite that we are constrained to deny it indignantly or to rehabilitate Metternich and regild the tenets of conservatism. This book is a defense of Metternich.

There have been other straws this year to proclaim a veering wind. Walter Langsam opened a calm defense of Metternich's reactionary master, Francis the Good. Ross Hoffman and Paul Levack edited the best passages of Edmund Burke, that "greatest of conservatives," as Viereck styles him. Stringfellow Barr, in "The Pilgrimage of Western Man," lamented those conservative disciplines the decline of which has left us oscillating "between the sentimental and the brutal." Circumstances, it seems clear, now prescribe a face-lifting operation for the wrinkled mask of conservatism. For, as Byron Dexter recently observed in *Foreign Affairs*, "When one Great Power is deliberately fomenting revolution in every country it does not wholly control, every other country will in the literal sense of the word be conservative."

A trend so ineluctable could hardly fail to find an able protagonist. Peter Robert Edwin Viereck, whose volume of poems "Terror and Decorum" won a Pulitzer Prize, is a young historian already distinguished for brilliant political diagnosis and unflinching prose. In "Conservatism Revisited" he raises a banner with a somewhat strange device to which he insists the brave and the honest can repair. The term "conservative" he frankly concedes is "among the most unpopular words in the American vocabulary." But he wastes no time apologizing for it. Taking the offensive under a barrage of epigrams he deploys his facts and aligns his quotations with paralyzing precision. "Their evidence," he affirms succinctly, "suggests that cultural and political conservatism may perhaps be the credo best adapted to sustain a free and rational society."

—*Eric Schall.*

Peter Viereck—"a barrage of epigrams."

It is not necessary to acquiesce in such a judgment in order to enjoy this short, hard-hitting book. One might read it solely for paradoxes like "The idea that economics makes history is, temporarily, one of those ideas that make history." Or for challenging definitions—"Conservatism . . . is . . . the political secularization of the doctrine of original sin." Or for telling quotations—England is "the freest land on earth because the best disciplined," and "It is useless to close the gates against ideas; they overleap them all the same and arrive by contraband." Metternich speaking. Or for home truths—"Too many Americans think they can oppose Communism by backing not conservatives or liberals but reactionaries like General Franco." Or indelible ironies like this comment on recent history—"and artists complain they can no longer find 'suitable subjects' for tragedy." If none of these reasons suffices, read the book to resharpen rusty definitions. But read it.

Geoffrey Bruun, professor of history at Cornell University, is the author of several books on European history, among them "Saint-Just: Apostle of the Terror" and a biography of Georges Clemenceau.

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Supreme Poet with Two Beatitudes

DANTE, THE PHILOSOPHER. By Etienne Gilson. Translated by David Moore. New York: Sheed & Ward. 338 *pp.* $4.

By Thomas Caldecot Chubb

NOT even excepting Shakespeare, there is no man who used the word to write with who has had more words written about him than that lean, harassed-looking Florentine who was tormented by his memory of Beatrice and by the bitterness of political exile into composing the greatest single poem of Western Christendom—that "Divine Comedy," which is either the last word of the Middle Ages or the first word of the Renaissance, according to your point of view.

This writing began when the great poet was scarcely dead. His son, Jacopo, was the first to say his word, and he was followed, among others, by Jacopo della Lana, Andrea Lancia, Dante's other son, Pietro, Guido da Pisa, Giovanni Boccaccio, and Benvenuto da Imola.

Thereafter, the spate of commentaries, expositions, exegeses, and explanations continued to flood and swell until the sum total of all the books, pamphlets, and articles written about Dante would, if assembled, of themselves fill a large library. Etienne Gilson, of the Collège de France, is, then, but the latest of a long and by no means unloquacious line, which has included a large portion of the most able scholars, thinkers, and creative writers who have lived in the intervening six centuries.

There is some advantage in this, but also certain disadvantages. The latecomer at least must have a justification. This is M. Gilson's: "The object of this book is to define Dante's attitude, or, if need be, his successive attitudes towards philosophy." That has been done before—although it must be said that a new man writing about something old has to say something new.

But his real object is somewhat different. It is to attain truth by clearing away error. Certain Dante scholars, notably Father Mandonnet in his "Dante le Théologien," have attempted to demonstrate that Beatrice was merely a symbol, that there was no Bice Portinari at all, that the lady whom Dante called Beatrice represented Beatitude or Theology, that his poem came not from his resolve to write about the beautiful young Florentine "that which was never said of any other woman" but from his repentance at having abandoned his clerical vocation.

A considerable part of M. Gilson's book is devoted to refuting these conclusions. Though conceding the part played by symbolism, the French scholar takes the more reasonable view that Boccaccio—who must have known many who knew Dante—knew what he was talking about, that there was a real Beatrice (whether or not he first saw her walking near the Ponte Santa Trinità), and that his repentance was not for failure to take orders, but for the debauched living in which he indulged, according to the author of the "Decameron," "not only in his youth, but even when he was mature."

M. Gilson deals likewise with the contention that Dante was a pure Thomist. He was not, he concludes. Using the "De Monarchia" as a basis for his line of thought, he insists that Dante held the concept that there are two kinds of beatitude—temporal and spiritual—and two kinds of authority—the Emperor's and the Pope's. Each was derived from God, but each was independent of the other. This is not Thomism, M. Gilson says. St. Thomas believed in one beatitude—the spiritual—and one authority—that of the Supreme Pontifex, "to whom all kings of Christian peoples owe submission as to Our Lord Jesus Christ Himself."

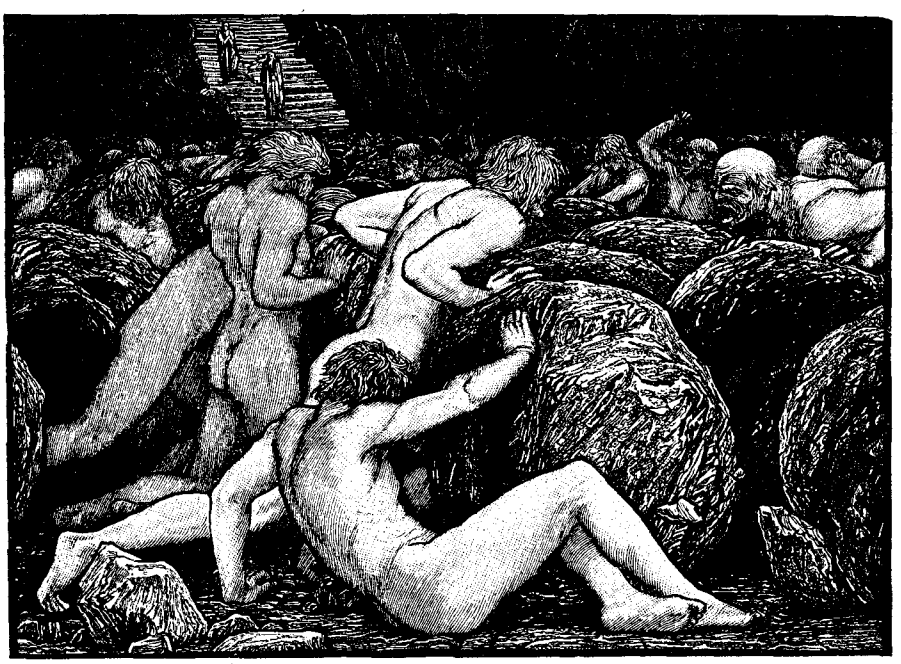
These are the principal matters in a volume which discusses also, as it must, the vexing unsolved problem of how Siger de Brabant, supposedly an Averroist and a heretic, is found in Paradise, and the identity of the *donna gentile* in the "Vita Nuova" and the "Convivio." M. Gilson is, as I have said, a scholar; he writes as a scholar and much of this book will have no appeal for the non-technical mind. Yet it is not without its humor—"of the women who hear themselves called 'angels,' very few expect to be treated as 'symbols' "; its common sense, its self-confidence, its urbanity, and that kind of dialectical skill that would have won many battles in the days when men, allegedly, debated as to how many angels could stand upon the point of a pin.

But, for all that, when I had finished reading it, an irreverent angle came into my mind. I saw it many years ago in an English book of drawings under two appropriate sketches of the poet.

I sometimes wonder whether Dante
Drank Benedictine or Chianti,
But I will have it as you say
for I can draw him either way.

Either way—or indeed every way—for in some respects Dante is universal. He is a theologian to theologian Mandonnet and a philosopher to philosopher Gilson. But most of all he is the supreme poet, something which the learned folk who write about him are so likely either to pass over lightly or to forget.

Thomas Caldecot Chubb, Italian Renaissance biographer, has written "The Life of Giovanni Boccaccio" and "Aretino: Scourge of Princes." He has also published several volumes of verse, including "Ships and Lovers" and "A Time to Speak."



—*New York Public Library.*

"The Avaricious and Prodigal," by John D. Batten, for Dante's "Inferno."

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Fiction. *Beginning with Sir Thomas More's "Utopia," fantasies of the future have fascinated the public, though few of them have had the enduring qualities of Hermann Hesse's "Magister Ludi," which recently appeared in translation. This work of a famous German-Swiss novelist and philosopher, winner of the Nobel Prize in* 1947, *is endowed with scholarship and mysticism and deserves to be rated with the best in this field. It is in sharp contrast to three other able novels reviewed this week. W. R. Burnett's "The Asphalt Jungle," the story of a vice-ridden city, is as powerful as his first novel, "Little Caesar," published twenty years ago. In "The Show Must Go On," Elmer Rice uses a playwright's knowledge of the theatre to describe the harrowing complications involved in acceptance, production, and run of a young writer's first play. A distinguished woman novelist uses the pseudonym of John Sedges for "The Long Love," a tale, unusual for these days, of a happy marriage.*

A Cop and a Robber

THE ASPHALT JUNGLE. By W. R. Burnett. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 271 *pp.* $2.75.

By Victor P. Hass

IT HAS been twenty years and fourteen novels since W. R. Burnett wrote "Little Caesar," that superb dissection of a mobster. Some of the novels (notably "High Sierra" and "Dark Hazard") were very good, some were so-so, some mere hack work. But not even the very good ones challenged the bitter power, the brutal impact of "Little Caesar."

Now, however, students of top-level crime stories will want to make room on their shelves for "The Asphalt Jungle." Here is Mr. Burnett so close to the top of his form that there undoubtedly will be some who will agree with the publisher's blurb writer that this is Mr. Burnett's best book. For myself, I should place it behind "Little Caesar" for sheer drive but ahead of it for its subtle probing of the criminal mind. However you rank it, "The Asphalt Jungle" is a corking yarn.

The jungle of the story is a huge Midwest city. It is a city shot through with official corruption, a city whose police department has for years been under tremendous fire from the newspapers. Into this picture steps Theo Hardy as the new commissioner of police. Oddly, astonishingly, unbelievably (to citizenry, newspapers, cops, and thugs alike) Hardy turns out to be not only an honest man but a crusader as well. To cynical and amused newspaper reporters he reveals that he is going to enforce the law.

Now, unknown to Hardy, there appears in the jungle a short, fat, mild yet icy man named Erwin Riemenschneider, an international jewel thief just out of stir and eager to get back to work. With him Riemenschneider has detailed plans for robbing the city's oldest and richest jewelers of no less than a half million dollars in gems. He seeks two things: a crack crew to do the job and a fence big enough to dispose of the loot once the job is done. He finds the first in Dix Handley, a "heavy" quick with fists and gun; Louis Bellini, a master cracksman, and hunchbacked Gus Minisi, a terror behind the wheel of an escape auto. He finds the second in Alonzo Emmerich, a big-time but off-color criminal lawyer.

So, still unknown to each other, Hardy and Riemenschneider marshal their resources, one to clean up crime and the other to pull off the biggest theft in the city's history.

As always, Mr. Burnett places great demands upon a reviewer. To reveal any part of the action from this point would do the author an injustice and the prospective reader a disservice. But it can be said that as each of these two forces moves into action, one working by one set of laws and the other working by the devious but no less rigid rules of the underworld, Mr. Burnett depends upon no shoddy tricks of the mystery hacks to push his story to its conclusion.

For this is no mystery story, but a slice of life and the story develops in these taut pages as it undoubtedly would have developed had it happened in New York or Chicago or Detroit or any other big city. Even knowing the outcome, and the intelligent reader will know it long before the book's end, in no way lessens the impact of that outcome.

This is why: under Mr. Burnett's skilful prodding the reader becomes a dual personality. He can sympathize with and encourage Hardy, hoping against hope when things go awry that he will bull his way through. At the same time he can identify himself so closely with Riemenschneider and his crew, admiring their genius at so dangerous a calling, that he finds himself rather hoping that they will pull it off. There must be some reward besides death or the clink for men so daring.

Such dillydallying on the part of the reader is, of course, ridiculous and the heartless Mr. Burnett, having tied that reader into knots, unravels him and slaps him good for sneaking around in the dark corners of the jungle and enjoying himself.

If your bent is for crime stories that have the juices of life in them and the tautness of a wildfowler's nerves with mallards swinging into his blind, by all means read "The Asphalt Jungle." It is possible that you may be able to put it down for another evening after you are midway but if you can, be sure to apply to Mr. Erwin Riemenschneider, c/o Postmaster, The Asphalt Jungle. He can use a cool operator like you in his work.

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On Stage

THE SHOW MUST GO ON. By Elmer Rice. New York: Viking Press. 472 pp. $3.50.

By Edmund Fuller

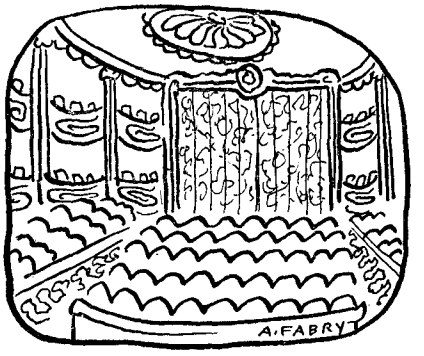
THE theatre novel is traditionally a *bête noir*. The stage is a world of color, excitement, glamour and hence is tempting and promising to the storyteller. Yet it is, in its very nature, so far detached from reality that, if extreme care and skill are not exercised, the one step further into a fictionized treatment of it can slip the traces of the real altogether and result in a complete artificiality. This has trapped more than one novelist. In my recollection, no one has done any better than Clemence Dane in "Broome Stages."

Now, in "The Show Must Go On," Elmer Rice has done very well with the subject. And what could be more appropriate, for he can write as one in authority and not as the scribes. This makes his story, apart from its other qualities, as complete and clinical a primer on how our American theatre runs in its every aspect as any aspirant thereto could desire. It reveals, also, the lofty concept of the theatre artist's obligation to his craft that has always distinguished Mr. Rice and made him one of the most constructive, as well as gifted, people in it.

The novel tells the story of the acceptance, production, and complete run of a first play, "The Clouded Mirror," by a young, small-town playwright named Eric Kenwood. This involves us with all the personalities associated with the venture: Leroy Thompson, producer and director, and his partner and "angel," Claire Reid; Emily Crandall, the Hollywood star who was to be the box-office insurance; red-headed Virginia Upton, and a host of other actors and actresses at the top of the ladder, going down, or at the bottom, going up. Agents, publicists, stagehands, scene designers fill out the cast.

It is twelve years since Mr. Rice published his previous novel, "Imperial City," which I believe was his first. This, I think, is a better conceived, better executed book. He does not write a distinguished prose but in most other respects, such as characterization and dialogue and story sense, his talents as dramatist carry over into the narrative medium.

"The Show Must Go On" is a large book. It has a long, slow take-off, although the materials are interesting. Once rehearsals of the play begin, however, it becomes altogether absorbing and remains so pretty consistently.



Mr. Rice gives us snatches of Broadway's brassy chatter so well that it hurts. He can be funny and scathing. The scope of his story takes us outside the theatre world into the background of Eric Kenwood, who lives in a small Connecticut factory town. Here we have a horrendously accurate study of the plight of an emergent artist among people totally unable to comprehend what he and his art are all about. Some are smug and contemptuous. But, if anything, it is worse to see the obtuseness of those bound to him by ties of family and affection who are unperceiving, timorous, frightened at the "immorality" of his ideas, and otherwise completely alien to his creative life.

Also, as the great change comes over Eric's existence with the acceptance of his play, Mr. Rice does a beautiful job on the wonder, terror, and bewilderment of the plunge into a new world, peopled by unfamiliar types, with traps for the unwary at every hand. And there is the irony of Eric's precarious financial status. His big chance necessitates giving up the job on which his family depends and offers no guarantee that he will not suddenly end up bankrupt and jobless as a penalty for having the talent to write a promising play.

Amid a great many excellent characterizations, the director Leroy Thompson is Rice's outstanding achievement: subtle and complex; intelligent; decent, if with a taint, like most of us, but above all (that always difficult portrayal) a completely believable artist.

Mr. Rice's approach to sex, though more restrained than in "Imperial City," remains a little naive. A kindly editor should have told him that we don't use the "didn't-you-believe-I-was-really-a-redhead" gag any more —not since a long, long time. That was just for the cartoonists in the unlamented *Ballyhoo* to kick around.

Whatever its flaws, "The Show Must Go On" is an intelligent and interesting novel for any reader; for everyone who knows and loves the theatre, it is a must.

Cryptic Game of Beads

MAGISTER LUDI. By Hermann Hesse. Translated by Mervyn Savill. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 502 pp. $5.

By Robert Pick

EVER since Hermann Hesse was awarded the Nobel Prize in 1947, both his valiant publishers in this country and a handful of critics have been trying to interest the American public in the work of the German-Swiss poet, novelist, essayist, and independent philosopher. These efforts had only little success. Yet Nobel Prize winners far more exotic than Hesse gained great popularity on this side of the Atlantic—one has only to think of Rabindranath Tagore—and the reading public seemed not deterred by the difficult access to their work and its strange frames of reference. Thus the lack of response to Hesse's writing must have deeper reasons than those characteristics and its being—to put it, more specifically, in the words which Thomas Mann used in talking about the present book—"German to an almost impossible degree . . . in its blunt refusal to please the world." What seems to have failed to appeal to the imagination of English-speaking readers is the theme that runs through the entire body of Hesse's work—the antinomy of meditation and active life, of asceticism and ecstasy, of spiritual order and ordinary human experience, of *Geist* and *Leben*. These polarities are, as a philosophical concept, alien to American, or modern English, thinking on the whole; and Hesse's preoccupation with that conflict may more often than not appear almost pointless to the Anglo-Saxon mind.

"Magister Ludi" is the apex of Hesse's work. It is—to state this fact at the outset—not a ponderous or tedious book; it is a beautiful and frequently even humorous one, replete with the same ironic and parodistic elements which are present in the best fiction of nineteenth-century German romanticism. The scene of "Magister Ludi" is Castilia, a mountain province of great charm, where—the time is about 2000 A.D.—an elite community tries to attain ultimate perfection while the world outside lies prostrate in the aftermath of devastating wars. The final goal of the ideal design for living pursued in these surroundings (partly Platonic academy, partly monastic retreat) is the mastership in a game—a game with beads that are worthless as such and gain meaning only in

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their arrangements. That *Glasperlenspiel*—the overtones of that term defy translation—imposes on its participants the occupation with exclusively imaginative values. It is a kind of soundless pure music, whose secrets reveal themselves to the adepts only step by step in a code of symbols.

That self-containing community now calls in a musician by the name of Joseph Knecht, who, though being far from cloistered in his own reflections, in the course of time reaches the highest distinction the Castilian hierarchy can bestow on a mortal, the office of *magister ludi*. But at this juncture of his life, Knecht realizes that intellectual and spiritual perfection is of no avail if severed from the common man's world with all its sordid trials and its continual erring. And to this world Knecht returns.

That development is not presented merely within the hero's mind. His associations in Castilia are numerous, and so are his talks with men within the Order and with others who hesitate, doubt, or remain aloof. The most impressive of them is Father Jacobus, a Benedictine monk, whose figure is said to owe certain traits to the great Swiss historian-philosopher Jakob Burckhardt. On the other side stands Knecht's worldly friend, Plinio Designori.

It is impossible to give, in this short space, an adequate idea of the fabulous scholarship, the eclectic learning, and the wealth of mystical speculation which permeate these discussions. If one applies the yardstick of the English-American novel to this book, it is an amorphous, a nearly boundless fantasy. Its best, as one of its early Swiss admirers once said, "is profered in a cipher language." Hermann Hesse's great master, Jean Paul, would not have been ashamed of "Magister Ludi." It commands high respect as the confession of one of the most sincere of important contemporary authors and as the ultimate word of an old man who has never been content with retreating into the shell of an old man's wisdom.

Your Literary I. Q.

By Howard Collins

CHARACTERS OF KIPLING AND SERVICE

Joe Neaf, of Clayton, Mo., who prefers Kipling and Service to Shelley and Keats, hopes to attain 100 per cent on this quiz which he sent in on some of his favorite characters. Allowing ten points for each one you can identify, a score of sixty is par, seventy is pretty good, and eighty or better is excellent. Answers on page 18.

1. (A native water carrier.)
   "But of all the drinks I've drunk
   I'm gratefullest for one from ....."
2. (A notorious Alaska bad-man.)
   "Pitched on his head and pumped full of lead was ....."
3. (A Scottish soldier in World War I.)
   "But there wis na' a man but had death in his ee,
   For he thought of the haggis of Private ....."
4. (A beautiful Burmese maiden.)
   "An' 'er name was ....., jes' the same as Theebaw's queen."
5. (A soldier-evangelist in World War I.)
   "Just order another drink, boys, and I'll tell you of ....."
6. (An Alaskan gold-seeker whose last wish was to be cremated.)
   "Now ..... was from Tennessee, where the cotton blooms and blows.'
7. (The British soldier.)
   "O it's ..... this, an' ..... that, an' ..... go away; But it's thank you Mr. ....., when the band begins to play."
8. (A British lieutenant-general who accidentally intercepted a heliograph message of a newly-married private.)
   "Don't dance or ride with General ....., a most immoral man."
9. (A native Indian bandit.)
   "The Colonel's son he rides the mare and ..... 's boy the dun,
   And two have come back to Fort Bukloh where there went forth but one."
10. (Another old sougherdough who was converted from the worship of the great god Nicotine.)
    "So now I'm called .....; I teach the Living Law,
    And ballyhoo the Bible with the best;
    And if a guy won't listen—why, I sock him on the jaw,
    And preach the Gospel sitting on his chest."

Ideal Husband

THE LONG LOVE. By John Sedges. New York: The John Day Co. 311 pp. $3.

By Josephine Lawrence

THE ghost of Dinah Maria Mulock Craik is likely to haunt the readers of "The Long Love," if any of them still read "John Halifax, Gentleman" today. In their presentations of the life of a good man Mrs. Craik and Mr. Sedges share an approach that, making allowance for modern freedom of expression, is sometimes striking in its parallels. Perhaps even more marked is the definite feminine slanting of materials: although in both novels a man is the main character, in each he is fashioned in the image of a woman's dream.

Edward Haslatt, Mr. Sedges's hero, is serious-minded, idealistic, and capable of great devotion. He is twenty-two years old when he falls in love with and marries Margaret Seaton, a year younger. Edward's background in Chedbury, near Boston, is that of the ordinary small-town family, but the Seatons tend to be prominent socially. His young and beautiful wife is to be the core of his existence, Edward vows, and truly her only rival in the forty happy years of their married life is the publishing house that Edward builds into substance and wealth.

The years flow smoothly until the children are grown. Like John Halifax (he will intrude at intervals) Edward is defied by his daughter whose choice of a husband he deplores. Since he is not a Victorian father he is disobeyed and the girl marries his most famous author, a man old enough to be her father. The union proves unexpectedly happy and Edward and Margaret, verging on the elderly and serene, have grandchildren to enjoy. The final test of their own marriage is the death of their youngest child, a son engaged in flying the air lift into Berlin.

The responsibility for the success of this marriage is assumed throughout by the husband. In his single-minded purpose, to cherish and adore his wife, Edward seems quite willing to skimp the measure of justice whenever it serves his cause. There are also moments when the essential nobility of Edward's heart and soul is lost in speech and at such times he reveals a tiresome resemblance to a stuffed shirt. There is a certain inflexibility about him, too, that may be the armor of a strong man—in fact Edward is one of the elect who can boast of having consulted a psychia-

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trist and retained his self-respect intact.

The ungrateful truth is that Edward is—not too good, no one can be too good—but too perfect. His faults are not acknowledged so consequently he is without flaw. And in spite of all the delicate detail lavished on the relationship, life does not breathe in him. Many of the contributing characters—mainly relatives, for the Hasslatts live a good deal to themselves—have greater warmth.

One must admire the selectivity of a master craftsman who has refused to cut sharply and polish more than the two figures of man and wife. Unfortunately, in the process they have become museum pieces, precious, protected, and rare. The alarms and anxieties that are the common lot, even of those in love, are too insistently muted. Margaret's life with Edward is as free of wrinkles as her creamy skin. It is difficult not to feel that the marriage lasted only because the demands made upon it were few, the adjustments one-sided, and the years very kind.

"The Long Love" is a November selection of the Literary Guild. The suggestion that "John Sedges" is a pseudonym for Pearl S. Buck has been neither confirmed nor denied. It can scarcely be doubted, however, that this is a woman's portrait of the ideal husband.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT: No. 330

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 330 will be found in the next issue.

LWOUIBQAU QA

XCXXGQAU KWUM BW

QBA NCTT OZWEBPQ.

—LWCOTIA RMZZWTL.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 329

Whoso would be a man must be a non-conformist.

—R. W. EMERSON.

Noble Lantern Slides

THE PASSIONATE JOURNEY. By Irving Stone. New York: Doubleday & Co. 337 pp. $3.

By RICHARD A. CORDELL

FIFTEEN years ago Irving Stone won a considerable reading public with his first book, a fictionized biography of Vincent Van Gogh, "Lust for Life," and in subsequent books subjected Jack London, Clarence Darrow, Jessie Benton Fremont, and Eugene Debs to similar literary treatment. It is not likely that his latest novel will add to his reputation. "The Passionate Journey" is based on the amazing career of the Kansan painter John Noble, one of the hundreds—one should say thousands—of young Americans who, disheartened by the native indifference or hostility to art and the artist, fled to Paris during the fifty years preceding the First World War. This reviewer does not know how factual many of the details and anecdotes in the novel are, but the main events of the hero's career are drawn from life: his childhood in the West, his productive years in Europe, where he was a pupil of Laurens, his final period of success and recognition in New York, where he died in 1934.

The principal weakness of the book lies in the novelist's failure to make John Noble a credible person. The truth of the old saw that life is stranger than fiction creates a serious difficulty for any writer of fictionized biography. Every reader knows how much more fantastic are the stories on page one of his newspaper than many of those on his fiction shelves. John Noble may have been—probably was—shy but exhibitionistic, a mamma's boy racked by intolerable loneliness but a successful athlete, sensitive but swaggering, generous but egregiously self-centered, an alcoholic but a God-seeker, etc., but we are not convinced. All men may be masses of contrarieties, but through the focus of art we expect some reconciliation. The hero of "The Passionate Journey" is presented on a series of lantern slides: one John Noble is projected, then a different one, then another, with insufficient bridging or transition. For example, the author would have us believe that "the passionate journey" is Noble's ceaseless search for spiritual meaning, religion, God, but we must take the novelist's word for it: this tempestuous cowboy, a victim of indecisions and a particularly frenzied variety of that emotional and sometimes foppish moodiness we euphemize as the artistic temperament,

—*Eric Schall.*

Irving Stone—"The dialogue is unnatural and pretentious."

rarely strikes us as a passionate pilgrim for Truth. In his repeated crises an ounce of will power would serve him better than a pound of Spiritual Truth. And in print the legends, evidently true, that he in complete cowboy outfit rode a white horse into the Quatz' Arts Ball and shot out all the lights, and later, similarly accoutred, rode into a Paris bank to demand his money seem merely preposterous.

As Noble was a Westerner and plainsman the novel is full of exaggeration reminiscent of early Western narrative, with little of its humor—for example, John's mighty drinking: he would down a full quart of whiskey at one gulp. It is this inflationary narrative which gives the book its plasmic liveliness. Certainly the dialogue is unnatural and pretentious, with such banal homilies as "But if you do your best, then every drawing is important," "Man is only happy pursuing the distant, the difficult," "When you set your sights low, you arrive at your destination too soon"; and the many passages analyzing Noble's mental states become tedious. But the bare narrative has a hurricane strength to carry the reader along. Many, too, will be pleased to find Carry Nation, Victor Murdock, Matisse, Renoir, Sinclair Lewis, Augustus John, Picasso, Gertrude Stein, Derain, Epstein, and dozens of other notables as minor characters.

A pleasant adventure for readers of this novel will be a visit to the galleries where John Noble's canvases hang (some of them Eastern galleries), as Browning sent thousands to Andrea del Sarto, and Somerset Maugham to Gauguin. To readers acquainted with this artist's tortured career his Breton seascapes, for example, may have a strange fascination and possibly suggest new meanings.

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Cain's Question

THE SEEKER AND THE SOUGHT. By Marie Baumer. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 217 *pp.* $2.75.

By NATHAN L. ROTHMAN

EVER since Cain men have been haunted recurrently by the question "Am I my brother's keeper?" It is not especially a question that murderers ask; it seems today to obtrude most upon the conscience of bystanders. It is what makes being a bystander more and more impossible. How free can a man keep of responsibility—or, how long can a man wish to keep free of it? Miss Baumer cites an instance: Take an ordinary man named Walter Williams—a very ordinary fellow with the usual pressures and harassments at home and in the office. He lives with his wife in one of the large apartment houses on the edge of town, to which he returns at the end of each day's tussle downtown with but one desire: to hide away from things in the privacy of his own life. On one such night his privacy is challenged. There is an insistent ring at his door, and the clamor of a voice outside. Cautiously, with the protective chain on the door, he calls, "What is it?" The voice of a boy in his early teens comes through. "Let me in, please. Someone is after me!" Williams is frightened. His first reaction is, "Who are you? I can't let you in—" "Please, please! Just let me in for a minute. You got to, mister!" "I can't let you in when I don't know who you are—" "Won't anybody help me—" the boy cries. Williams slams the door and leans against it trembling, as he hears the sound of running feet along the corridor outside. The boy has gone. Williams is smart, and safe.

But he is not free of the gnawing of Cain's old question. If anything has happened to the boy, is he, Walter Williams, not guilty of complicity? He cannot fight it off, and at last—against his wife's reasonable objections and against the strange resistance of his neighbors (who may or may not have knowledge of the matter)—he plunges into a search for the boy. And indeed from this point he is involved in an incredible tangle of adventure, with as raffish a group of characters as he had ever dreamed of in his previously staid existence. The chase begins in a disreputable bar presided over by a huge and sinister proprietress, proceeds through the establishment of a blackmailing faith-healer, and ends in a dilapidated rooming-house where Williams meets the boy, and almost loses his life.

It is a surprising development: a morality play turned mystery thriller. It might be possible to object that Miss Baumer has orchestrated her theme with so startling and lively an uproar that the original quality of that theme is all but forgotten. I think that Miss Baumer has remembered it, for Williams is forever conscious, in the midst of his hazardous adventure, of the tormenting necessity for cleansing his conscience that started it all. Yet her story will surely have an ambiguous appeal. To those of its readers who have little or no interest in the problem of responsibility, it will offer a diverting tale of chase and suspense. On both levels it has been extremely well written, clearly and realistically.

Fiction Notes

THE DESPERATE CHILDREN, by David Cornel de Jong. Doubleday. $3. The material of Mr. De Jong's story is psychic conflict, a secret battle carried on beneath a placid and actually trivial false-front—and none the less violent for that. It is the neat and measured world of daily routine in a small progressive school in a New England town. A Miss Tumolcy labors valiantly to give her pupils some of her own approach to life: wide-eyed, mature, humorous, accepting everything that comes along with calm intelligence and also with a poetic imagination that transmutes every random moment and vagrant thought into something stirring, for those who will hear her. Her wit is a fine astringent thing; it acts most notably upon Sebastian, a sensitive young lad, and the farm boy Orville. Both of these have lost their fathers and seem to be drawn together naturally. Miss Tumolcy fosters their relationship and adds her warmth and understanding to it, standing between them and the abnormal suspicions of Miss Stroock, the principal. Miss Stroock is of course the serpent in Eden. Her whole life in and out of school is one of barely suppressed spite. If she cannot reach the boys, she will reach their Miss Tumolcy—and thus beneath the easy rhythm of their schoolday is the desperate grappling they cannot see. Miss Stroock all but destroys Miss Tumolcy—until she is herself defeated by a fortuitous turn of events.

I feel the end of the book to be more than a little crowded by Mr. De Jong's large and controlling hand. But the quality of the internal drama which makes his book is subtle, mature, and uncompromising. He has built up his personalities and situations by means of long stretches of stream of consciousness, all of it well written and some of it profound.

—NATHAN L. ROTHMAN.

—From the jacket of "The Desperate Children."

THE DOWRY, by Maggy Gould. William Morrow. $2.75. The "I" of this story, according to the first line of Miss Gould's competently told tale of horror, found that "in the beginning it was difficult ... to believe." The "I" of this review found that all the way through it was difficult to believe. There simply is no explanation, for the rational reader, of the curse which descends upon Jonathan Reizel, brilliant young artist, after he runs away with Robbie, the wife of a distinguished art critic. It is Laurentz Gilmore, the critic in question, who utters that evil curse, and, even as he predicts, Jonathan's days are thenceforward filled with pain, and his seed does, indeed, bring forth a monster. The chronicle of the workings of that curse, as they are recounted by a woman who once loved Jonathan, and by Jonathan himself, constitute the main body of this book and, though I found the story absorbing up to a certain point, I could find in it no real meaning.

The people of whom Miss Gould writes are often fascinating, and she tells their story in a vigorous, confident style. But the story of the violence-ridden marital life of Jonathan Reizel, having no apparent purpose save a deliberate, over-anxious attempt to horrify the reader, and failing, for the most part, even in that, falls short of the promise of its opening chapters. We reach the point where we can believe nothing, where we are saturated with contrived, meaningless terror, and we can listen to no more of it.

—NANCY GROBERG CHAIKIN.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. Gunga Din. 2. Dangerous Dan McGrew. 3. McPhee. 4. Supiyawlat. 5. Soulful Sam. 6. Sam McGee. 7. Tommy Atkins. 8. General Bangs. 9. Kamal. 10. Salvation Bill.

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Americana. *In what esteem is Will Rogers held today? To the younger generation, at least, he generally stands as the prototype of the mild, genial, corn-fed philosopher. But closer examination reveals that there is another Rogers lurking behind the familiar lariat-throwing figure of the movies. In "The Autobiography of Will Rogers," reviewed below, we find a shrewd political and social commentator with barbs of steel underlying the homely wit. Indeed, as our reviewer suggests, the statements made by Will Rogers some twenty years ago would today probably land him before a Congressional investigation committee. . . . For those interested in American Indians, two important books by Edward Everett Dale and D'Arcy McNickle are reviewed on page 20: "The Indians of the Southwest" and "They Came Here First."*

Simon-Pure Rogersana

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF WILL ROGERS. Selected and edited by Donald Day. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 395 pp. $3.

By JOHN T. WINTERICH

WHEN, back in 1916, I wound up a New York holiday by going to see the Ziegfeld Follies in the big barn of the New Amsterdam Theatre and watched an actor in cowboy togs twirl a rope and heard him toss out some wisecracks (only I don't think the word had yet come in), it did not occur to me that I was listening to a durable contribution to American letters. Nor, I am sure, did it occur to the cowboy.

Will Rogers went on to write a column, and let us all be grateful for that, for while newspaper columns are, in their very nature, ephemeral, they are not nearly so much so as wisecracks across footlights. Since Will Rogers's column was widely syndicated, thousands of files of it are preserved all up and down the land. Of course, that does not make the stuff broadly accessible.

This book does. It is a compilation of simon-pure Rogersana, with the column which Will wrote from the end of 1922 to his death in Alaska in 1935 providing, happily, the bulk of the text. The result will be compared to Poor Richard, Puddn'head Wilson, Marcus Aurelius, and Samuel Pepys, and it can stand up under that comparison without having to produce a passport.

Here, for instance, is superb documentation of the boom and of the bust—primary historical source material of high authenticity and importance. Nothing will give the soul of Will Rogers greater delight, or make him chuckle with deeper satisfaction, than for him to turn to some authoritative elucidatory text, fifty or 500 years from now, and find "Rogers, *op. cit.*" peppered throughout the footnotes.

Today's reader is not so likely to chuckle. The Rogers scraps which we used to read twenty years ago with rueful grins now take on a tartness and a mordancy which were there all the while, but were hidden under the laugh. We Americans have always held to the principle of when-you-say-that-comma-smile—it is all right with us if our most sacred institutions are assaulted provided the attack is made in a spirit of good clean fun. Here it is not a case of the Rogers humor wearing off: rather has it mellowed into transparency and permitted us to look underneath. Thus:

—*Rea Irwin* [1926].

Will Rogers, at St. James's—"a tartness and a mordancy under the laugh."

October 31, 1929: Sure must be a great consolation to the poor people who lost their stock in the late crash to know that it has fallen in the hands of Mr. Rockefeller, who will take care of it and see that it has a good home and never be allowed to wander around unprotected again.

There is one rule that works in every calamity. Be it pestilence, war, or famine, the rich get richer and the poor get poorer. The poor even help arrange it. But it's just as I have been constantly telling you, "Don't gamble"; take all your savings and buy some good stock and hold it till it goes up, then sell it.

If it don't go up, don't buy it.

December 9: There is only one form of employment that I can think of but what has its bright spots and that's coal mining. There is generally an overproduction and they are out of work; if not that it's a strike. Then when they do go to work, the mine blows up. Then if none of these three things happen, they still have the worst job in the world.

February 22, 1931: Here is what George Washington missed by not living to his 199th birthday. He would have seen our great political system of "equal rights to all and the privileges to none" working so smoothly that 7,000,000 are without a chance to earn their living; he would see 'em handing out rations in peace times—that would have reminded him of Valley Forge. In fact, we have reversed the old system; we all get fat in war times and thin during peace. I bet after seeing us he would sue us for calling him "father."

March 13, 1935: Say, did you read about what Mr. Roosevelt said about those "Holding Companies"? A holding company is a thing where you hand an accomplice the goods while the policeman searches you.

If Will Rogers were alive today and said some of those things without smiling, some unsmiling committee would have him under the Capitol Hill klieglights as quick as you could say subpoena.

The purely factual autobiographical content of this titular autobiography is valuable in its own right. Will Rogers's father was one-eighth Cherokee Indian, his mother one-

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quarter. Will's public schooling stopped at the fourth grade, but he fourth-graded in so many different places that he got to know it by heart. On his own, he learned lariat-throwing. His father shipped him to school in Missouri to study for the ministry; the authorities took a large view of Will's yanking a stone goddess off her pedestal, but a narrower one of his unintentional roping of a professor. There was an interlude at a military school, but Will ran away from there. He took a job on a ranch, bummed his way to California and back, volunteered in steer-roping contests. He heard the Argentine was a great cattle country, traveled there by way of London, went broke, and took a job chaperoning cattle to South Africa. The Boer War was on; at its close Will joined Texas Jack's Wild West Show at Johannesburg—and a career had begun. It took him to New Zealand, Australia, and so to San Francisco. He had circumnavigated the globe on practically nothing. He joined Colonel Zack Mulhall's show, and in 1905 they performed in Madison Square Garden. (This was the Madison Square Garden on Madison Square.) He played Hammerstein's roof, and later Germany and England. In 1915 he joined Ziegfeld. That is about as far as the formal autobiography gets. In 1922 he started a weekly column, and 1926 a daily. He wrote pieces for *The Saturday Evening Post*; he was interviewed; he lectured. Out of it all comes this book. It is quite a book, by quite a man.

Redmen Today and Tomorrow

THE INDIANS OF THE SOUTHWEST. By Edward Everett Dale. Norman: University of Oklahoma Press. 283 *pp.* $4.

THEY CAME HERE FIRST. By D'Arcy McNickle. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 325 *pp.* $3.75.

By Stanley Vestal

HERE we have two meaty and attractive volumes dealing with the acculturation of American Indians.

The first, "The Indians of the Southwest," is a more limited and therefore a more intimate treatment, dealing only with the past century and tribes of New Mexico, Arizona, California, Utah, Colorado, and Nevada.

Dr. Edward Everett Dale, the author, was born in Greer County, Texas, now part of the State of Oklahoma, and since 1914 has been a member of the Department of History at the University of Oklahoma. He has had extended opportunities to know the Indians throughout this region, and nearly every one of his many books has dealt more or less at length with Indian peoples and problems.

Dr. Dale's book sets forth concisely, but with all significant detail, the more important aspects of 100 years of Indian administration by the United States Government in the Southwest. He lays special emphasis on those activities which have proved of permanent value.

After stating his main problem, he differentiates among the Indians of the region, discusses the relations of our Government with Indians, the problems and difficulties of Federal administration. He devotes a whole chapter to the Army and the Apache and the more peaceful relations in Arizona and New Mexico which followed. The book includes an account of the difficulties of Indian agents caught in a tangle of red tape, with inadequate funds, inferior helpers, and wayward wards, a discussion of education and schools for Indians, of Government health and medical service, and of the regime set up under the New Deal.

Though sympathetic with the Indians, as anyone must be who knows them well, Dr. Dale takes a balanced view of these complex and difficult matters. He knows Indians too well not to realize that they, as much as their white associates, are human beings with human frailties, heroisms, and traditions. He regards all these people both white and red as Americans and does not fail to point out that Oklahoma—where more than three-fourths of the Indian population (120,000) is now completely merged with the whites—provides a pattern which some other regions might well emulate. In Oklahoma people of Indian blood hold high state and local office and join as equals in the life of their communities.

To bring about such a condition throughout the Southwest, to have

—*Courtesy Frank Rehn Gallery.*

"Behold a White Horse," by Yeffe Kimball, daughter of an Osage father and "American" mother.

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us all accept the Indian as one of us and not as a "museum piece" is for him the true solution. This, he thinks, can only be brought about by education, fitting the Indian like men of other national origins to take his place in modern life without sacrificing the best values of his own culture. The book is a thoroughly enlightened, scholarly, and readable work. Handsomely turned out and lavishly illustrated with well chosen photographs, old and new, it contains an adequate bibliography and index. This is the twenty-eighth volume in the Civilization of the American Indian Series published by the University of Oklahoma Press.

Mr. McNickle's "They Came Here First" covers much more territory and attempts to give an authentic account of how the Indian first came here, of his institutions and government, and of the inner world of his mind. In Part One, "Unsealing a Continent," all this is considered. The evidence of early immigration, the physical type, or "race" which we call Amerind, a sketch of the exceedingly large number of linguistic families, some account of the various cultures from the earliest Folsom Points on, the cultivation of corn, and the legal systems of the Indian. The second part of the book deals with the rediscovery of America by Europeans, the organization of conquest and trade, the imperialism of European powers, and the end of colonialism.

The third and last part of the book tells how American expansion westward was motivated and implemented, and of the Indian poverty and maladjustment which followed. The author feels that the Indian Reorganization Act approved by Franklin D. Roosevelt in June 1934, imperfect as it was, provides the best solution to the problems of the Indian in our time.

Mr. McNickle writes well. But too frequently one finds a trace of bitterness, a tendency to blame the white men for all the Indians' difficulties. He seems to be trying to set Indians apart as an abused minority, instead of seeing them as one of many contributing elements of the American stock. Such an attitude is false. First, because it no longer fits the facts; second, because it must inevitably delay the obvious solution—the acculturation of the Indian. Yet in spite of those who would rouse group against group, we find the Indians thoroughly loyal to the American way.

Mr. McNickle has covered a tremendous story with surprising comprehensiveness and point. His apparatus provides extensive notes, including bibliographical data, acknowledgments, and an index.

"It is all gay and diverting and wonderfully in keeping with Jane Austen's own fictional world."

—*Orville Prescott,* N. Y. TIMES

"Miss Bonavia-Hunt has had the courage to undertake a sequel to *Pride and Prejudice*...Not since Sir Harry Johnston's sequel to *Dombey and Son* has any such attempt come off with comparable success... PEMBERLEY SHADES is a very good novel indeed." ① "If Jane Austen had written this book she would not have been ashamed to own it. It is the kind of story she would have delighted to tell, and it is told in a manner and with a skill so much her own that a lover of Jane Austen can feel no resentment at what, on first thought, might seem a presumptuous undertaking." ② "Miss Bonavia-Hunt has stepped gracefully into the Austen slippers. She treads her measure lightly, with dignity, almost with a sense of exhilaration." ③

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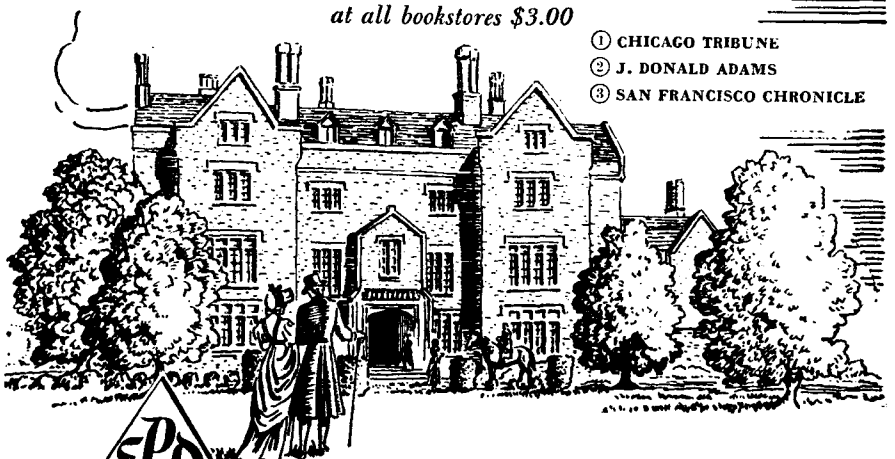

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No Time for Despair

EXCEPT for the marginal regions of life, where geographical or racial isolation or the inbred poverty of hopeless slums and arid farms have held segments of our people in chains, American social patterns are visibly changing in the most astonishing and, to some observers, terrifying manner. Our writers, who are revealing one segment after the other of this advance from the once accepted patterns of group behavior, have used their investigations as so many clubs to crush our somewhat naive hope that we are building toward a future that will be less menacing, more secure, and happier than today. They do not explain that this is an evolutionary practice set in motion by a predominant and rapidly extending middle class, and that it is of vast dimensions and significance, not only for this country but the rest of the world.

Our unhappy writers merely assert that we are unhappy and are driven toward a sense of futility and insecurity, either because the changed relations between the sexes are emotionally unsatisfactory, or because in the process of making a living sensitive natures are crushed by the brutal indifference of an increasingly mechanistic civilization. It is a fantastic spectacle, this aggressively negative literature produced by a country which would be inundated by tens of millions of people from every quarter of the globe if we opened the floodgates and could provide the ships to carry whole populations to our shores. This literature was designed to terrify foreigners from venturing here, or to provide ammunition for our foreign enemies, one might suppose, if we did not have the sense to know that it is a peculiarly American form of reportorial writing, with the intention of violently shocking the reader into accepting as normal the exaggerations of dangerous and ugly situations which might otherwise remain hidden from sight.

It is true that we are passing, without bloodshed, through an alteration in the manner in which we live and work and love beside which the Russian Revolution pales by comparison; for it is primarily a social, and not an economic or political, revolution. It touches the hearthstone, the cradle, and the ancestral marriage bed; indeed, these three ancient and classic symbols of the foundations of human society are disappearing from modern American life. This rapid evolution, or revolution, does not ask for new political philosophies; political, economic, or religious conceptions can be abandoned by nations far more rapidly than they can be developed and put into practice. Have we not seen the Nazi regime which was to last a thousand years suddenly swept away by defeat in war? In the same way the Russian deification of Communism and proletarian dictatorship may suddenly fall for, let us hope, other reasons than atomic warfare. It may be nerve-wracking to live as we do in a time of social change, but one of the palliatives for people who are ill at ease is an understanding of the process of change itself and its relationship to human experience elsewhere and in other times.

A book of great importance to thoughtful Americans has recently been published, Margaret Mead's "Male and Female."* It is the work of a sound anthropologist who uses her knowledge of human beings and her observations of seven separate Pacific island cultures existing today to examine the basic human relationships that every human society has had to invent. She then explores the manner in which Americans are now engaged in binding together men and women and children into new social forms, in which the children and the mother will be fed, and sex impulses disciplined.

In the development of the American pattern for the future we are abandoning, for example, conceptions of the family that have belonged to all civilized or primitive societies. "Each family in a home of its own" is the apt title of one of Miss Mead's chapters; it is a home in which there is room only for the young couple and two or three children, a house from which grandmothers and grandfathers are deliberately excluded, to say nothing of cousins and aunts. In these families it is a major catastrophe when the young wife falls ill for a few days, and what to do with aging fathers and mothers is a matter of anxious concern. Divorce is seen by the author, not as a catastrophe, but as the natural and necessary result of giving young people the right to seek partners in marriage without the approval of their elders. It is part of the developing pattern, as is the rapid organization of the community to take over some of the responsibilities of isolated family units.

PRIMARILY "Male and Female" is concerned with the emotional and physical contacts between babies and children and their mothers, the manner in which the young are brought to understand their specific functions as male and female. When a baby is removed from its mother at birth, has a bottle filled with the approved formula thrust into its mouth, and is then brought up in an atmosphere of sterile hygiene, the child will be ready for the necessary disciplines that will prepare it for the world in which it may have to live for seventy years.

It will be a different kind of boy and girl now being asked to face sex as a "dating" ritual before they are able or willing to function as sexual beings. The child who is urged to be a success in the first schools he attends, rather than develop slowly as a human being loving his home and his mother's body, will face the world in a different way. The girl who is taught to be yielding, and yet never to yield, the boy who must be demanding to prove his coming manhood, and yet who silently asks his partner in the game not to give way, both are being educated for a new kind of existence and for unknown demands that will be made upon them in the course of their long lives. That this alteration of social conventions will come through the female rather than through the male is obvious. As Miss Mead says, "Once it is possible to say it is as important to take women's gifts and make them available to both men and women, in transmittible form, as it was to take men's gifts and make the civilization built upon them available to both men and women, we shall have enriched our society." It is also obvious that the civilization we are building may suit, closer than that of any other peoples, the unknown hazards and perhaps the fulfillment of the coming atomic age. Today there is no room or time for despair. —H. S.

*MALE AND FEMALE. By Margaret Mead. New York: William Morrow and Co., Inc. 450 pp. $5 (reviewed on page 10).

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Hiroshima "Moral Adoptions"

SIR: I would like to make a moral adoption of a girl or boy, and I hope, when the time comes that Congress will permit it, I may legally adopt the child. . . . You have no idea how proud I will be to have a child somewhere I can call "my own," morally at least, and provide the little things a mother likes to provide the year 'round. I have tried to adopt children here, but there are state laws which prevent a single person from adopting a child, the theory being that a child must have *two* parents. Also most institutions would expire if all children in them were finally adopted! So here is my chance. I should like to adopt two, but I'd better see how good a job I can do for one and find out if there is a brother or sister of the child.

DOROTHY M. BOYINGTON.

Northfield, Ill.

SIR: I am enclosing a money order for $9 to apply toward the care of a Hiroshima orphan.

MILDRED R. DAHLEN.

Congress Park, Ill.

SIR: We have four children—Jeanne, eight; Katherine, six; Laurene, three, and Charles Edward, one. The three who can talk are delighted at the thought of having another brother. They too vote "yes." So my check is enclosed. It will be followed by others of the same size monthly, until you realize the tremendous administrative job you've undertaken and put us in touch with the amazing Yamashitas. Then we'll send our checks directly.

We understand that if justice ever prevails and the Oriental Exclusion Act is removed from the statute books, we may be able to get our entire family together. Until that time we'll be most interested in hearing about our adopted son.

DAVID W. ANGEVINE.

North Kansas City, Mo.

SIR: . . . My two children—Linda Lee, nine, and David, eight—look forward to the news that a Japanese orphan girl and her younger brother (*if such a couple are in the orphanage*) can count themselves associates of our family table. . . .

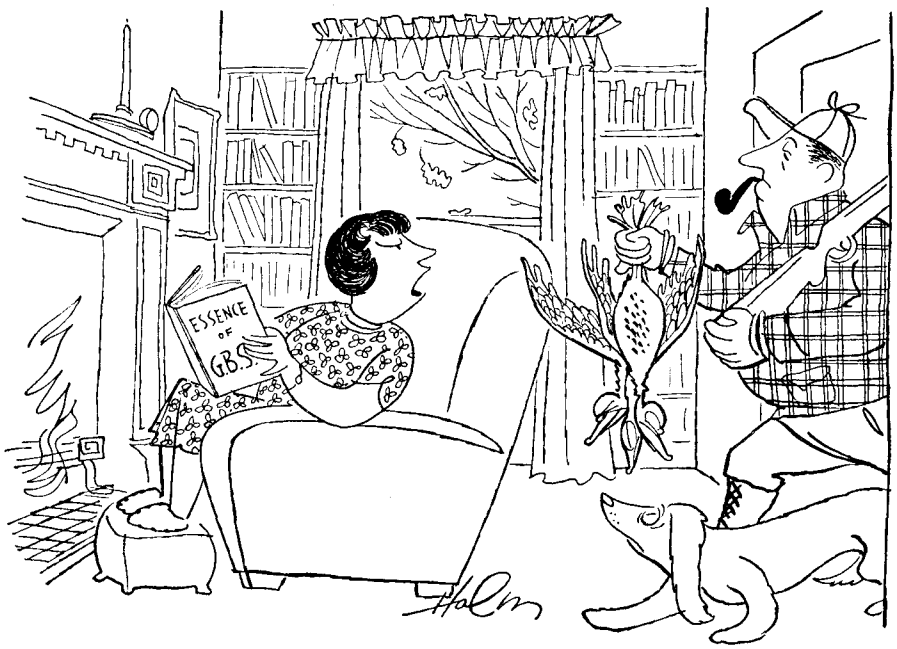
MR. AND MRS. BEN W. FUSON.

Parkville, Mo.

SIR: . . . As a small token of my interest in the Yamashita Orphanage please find enclosed a check to support an orphan for a period of one year—a boy of about seven years preferably. I cannot offer adoption as you suggest but should like to keep in touch with such a child. This could be done through a young Japanese woman, Lily Sera by name, who is a member of my household. She returned last year, having been born in Los Angeles, after an absence of some years in Hiroshima. Her baby brother of three years was killed by the bomb; Haruki Sera was his name. Miss Sera and I would like to think that our new little friend in the orphanage might grow up to a useful life such as her brother might have enjoyed with his family in Japan.

MRS. ROBERT A. MILLIKAN.

Pasadena, Calif.



"Murderer! . . . omnivore! . . . slayer of defenseless creatures! . . . consumer of corpses. . . !"

SIR: I am enclosing a check to enable Mrs. Yamashita to care for one more child for a year. The check comes from Mrs. Rounds and me and from our three boys, Peter, Stephen, and Christopher (twelve, six, and four). We plan to save regularly—consciously and conscientiously—so that the meaning of what we are doing will be always with us.

What we are doing has special meaning for me. I teach English in the State Teachers College here. I often urge upon my students the need for acting upon convictions they arrive at in their reading. I am happy to practise what I preach.

ROBERT W. ROUNDS.

Oneonta, N. Y.

Omission of Ferber

SIR: Congratulations on your Twenty-fifth Anniversary Issue [*SRL* Aug. 6], which is a handsome one. I think it is almost impossible to get out a magazine edition of that proportion and not make some gaff which usually amuses and delights your readers because it convinces them that you, too, are human.

I refer particularly to the list of worth-while books published in America during the past twenty-five years. It seems unbelievable that Edna Ferber's name would not appear on that list. "So Big," "Show Boat," and "Cimarron" were all books which had a terrific impact on the country.

Even though this list was made up by a public library, I am sure that the demand for these three books was as great in the libraries as it was in the bookshops and should be reflected in their pulse-taking of the American reading public.

KEN MCCORMICK,
Editor-in-Chief,
Doubleday & Co.

New York, N. Y.

Books in Oblivion

SIR: Seconding the motion made by "A Reader" [LETTERS, *SRL* Aug. 13] that you have a review page for forgotten but worth-while books, I'd like to offer a baker's dozen titles that I think deserve "rescue from oblivion":

1, 2, and 3. The trilogy by Crosbie Garstin, "The Owl's House," "High Noon," and "West Wind." 4. "Gallow's Orchard," by Claire Spencer. 5. "The Worm Ouroboros," by E. R. Eddison. 6. "Corn King and Spring Queen," by Naomi Mitchison. 7 and 8. "Gerfalcon" and "Joris of the Rock," by Leslie Barringer. 9. "Out of Africa," by Izak Dinesen. 10. "The Last Hunt," by Maurice Genevoix. 11. "The Torguts," by W. L. River. 12 and 13. "Beyond Sing the Woods" and "The Wind from the Mountains," by Trygve Gulbranssen.

LEAH BODINE DRAKE.

Evansville, Ind.

Evidence from Jung's Translator

SIR: Dr. Wertham's article on Jung [*SRL* July 30] is not a "reply," it simply carries on with virtuosity the denunciation begun by Mr. Hillyer—and this, following the latter's example, without citing factual evidence. If Mr. Hillyer and Dr. Wertham have any real basis for their accusa-

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tions, let them answer the following questions and explain the facts that bring up the questions:

If Jung was acting as a "collaborationist" in taking over the chairmanship of the International Society of Psychotherapists in 1933, why did one of his first basic administrative acts run counter to the most cherished of the Nazi idiocies, discrimination against Jews?

If he was acting as a "collaborationist," why did Jung put into a book brought out by him in 1934 a long essay by a Jewish colleague, Hugo Rosenthal? (See "Wirklichkeit der Seele," Zürich.) Why, at the annual meeting of psychotherapists held at Bad Nauheim, Germany, in 1934, did Jung make a vigorous defense of Freud as the great pioneer in his field? This is the stand that Jung has always maintained with respect to Freud, all intellectual conflicts notwithstanding; but if, as is alleged, he was at this time abetting the Nazis in their destruction of Freud's work, *why* did he fight the Nazis in behalf of Freud?

In the correspondence you published following Mr. Hillyer's attack on Jung, there was repeated reference to a carefully documented article (*Psychiatric Quarterly*, April 1946) by Dr. Ernest Harms, who participated in most of the events that led up to Jung's effort to save the remnants of international cooperation in the field of psychotherapy. Why did Dr. Wertham ignore this firsthand history, which is a factual refutation of the charge of collaboration on Jung's part?

If Jung used his position in the International Society of Psychotherapists to advance Nazi doctrines in general, as is alleged, why did the British and Dutch members protest his attempted resignation in 1938 and persuade him to hang on longer? Why was the German translation of the Terry Lectures ("Psychology and Religion," New Haven, 1938) given by Jung at Yale in 1937 suppressed in Germany shortly after its appearance in 1940? Why, when France fell, did the Gestapo destroy all of Jung's works that could be found there? (See Jung's "Essays on Contemporary Events," London, 1947, page 78). Jung states that at this time he was on the German black list. Dr. Wertham says that he has a copy of the German black list and that Jung's name is not on it. These lists were revised from year to year as were our own. Has Dr. Wertham seen every list issued by the Nazis?

If Jung's standpoint is fundamentally that of Fascism—this accusation is intellectually on a par with a claim that Marx was a crypto-capitalist—why is his lifework, fifty-odd years of intensive effort in the fields of practice and theory, devoted to an anti-totalitarian aim, *i.e.*, the education of free and independent individuals capable of living together harmoniously in a free society? (For Jung's standpoint with respect to totalitarianism—whatever the brand—see the lecture given by him before the Swiss National Society of Psychotherapists, Zürich, 1941. This lecture is printed under the title "Psychotherapy Today" in "Essays on Contemporary Events.") What led Jung to warn Europe two decades before World War II of the oncoming German madness and what it would mean to liberty in Europe (*op. cit.* page 73)? The answers to these two questions would be of especial interest to me as one of Jung's translators. In that capacity, and because I have been in touch with him for over a quarter of a century, I believed that I had a fairly comprehensive and accurate knowledge of Jung's fundamental standpoint and political views. I am open to correction from those who know them better.

Dr. Wertham says that "the evidence of Jung's Fascism" at the time when he was chairman of the International Society of Psychotherapists is "overwhelming." No evidence is cited, only opinions. In his latest book Arnold Toynbee, in speaking of his quest for new and more adequate answers to the unsolved problems to be treated in his history, says: "If I had been acquainted at that time with the works of C. G. Jung, they would have given me the clue." (See "Civilization on Trial," New York, 1948.) Could this tribute have been drawn from a great historian who served the British Foreign Office in a key position before and during World War II, had there been *any* "evidence of Fascism" in Jung's ideas or in his activities?

Can it be that Dr. Wertham has not fully understood Jung's contribution to psychology? Certain it is that he has misrepresented Jung's theory of the collective unconscious. This theory as developed by Jung is not remotely connected with racism as promulgated by the Nazis. If the Nazis perverted the theory to suit their purposes, that is not Jung's fault; they perverted every idea that came their way. Jung's theory of the collective unconscious is posited on types of psychological phenomena common to all mankind, observed and recorded since the beginning of time (see William James's "The Varieties of Religious Experience," New York, 1911). To date, Jung's theory is the best explanation we have of the mass-psychosis still dominating the world. The matter is of such deadly seriousness to all of us that Dr. Wertham will have to produce something more substantial than a sneer and a wisecrack if he wishes to demolish the theory.

It is surely not too much to ask that in discussing a man's standpoint the man's own words be accurately quoted and his theories correctly stated. So far, not one jot of evidence of Fascism or anti-Semitism has been adduced from Jung's writings except by the method of mistranslation, misinterpretation, and lifting out of context. Dr. Wertham, in a recently published book, has discussed, with the insight of a psychiatrist, the psychology of a murderer. No one has assumed that Dr. Wertham condones murder. Yet it has been a consistent tactic of Jung's calumniators to construe Jung's effort to interpret the psychological drives underlying National Socialism as an apologia for Nazism.

To continue the list of questions, answers to which I earnestly seek from Mr. Hillyer and Dr. Wertham: If Jung is anti-Semitic, how does it come about that he has Jewish colleagues in most of the countries of

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the Western world—from Israel to California—who came to his support as soon as the sniping against him began? Why did refugee Jewish patients come straight to Jung from Nazi Germany? (I am witness to the fact that they did so, having lived in Zürich for some years before the war.) How account for this incredibly strange happening? Has anyone ever heard of men and women seeking out a psychiatrist who aided and abetted their enemies?

And how account for the strange fact that the best exposition of Jungian psychology yet to appear in English is by a German Jewish refugee, a pupil of Jung's at the time that the Nazi persecution of the Jews was at its height? The author, Dr. Gerhard Adler, is now an analyst in London and the title of his book is "Studies in Analytical Psychology" (New York, 1948).

Again, if Jung is anti-Semitic, and if he backed the Nazi ideology, how are we to understand the book just published by Dr. Erich Neumann, another German Jewish refugee and for ten years a resident of Tel-Aviv? The title of the book is "Ursprungsgeschichte des Bewusstseins" ("History of the Origin of Consciousness," Zürich, 1949). This book is based on Jung's theory of the collective unconscious, and specifically on his concept of the archetypes—thought to be so flagrantly Fascistic by Dr. Wertham—and, at the request of the author, it carries a preface by Jung.

Is it reasonable to believe that Gerhard Adler and Erich Neumann, driven from their country by the insanities of Nazi Germany, would have been inspired to explain, expand, and greatly further the ideas of a man who had underwritten these insanities? This is the final *reductio ad absurdum* in regard to Jung's alleged collaborationism, Fascism, and anti-Semitism. It is clear that Mr. Hillyer and Dr. Wertham have disregarded not only the specific facts that contradict the accusations, but also the sum and substance of Jung's work, against the background of which the accusations show up as utterly ridiculous.

The attempt to destroy Jung's work is no new thing, as anyone familiar with the history of psychotherapy knows. A small but self-perpetuating group of enemies has been carrying it on for over thirty-five years, under slogans that vary with the fashion of the decade. The only new contribution of the present generation is the use of political slogans; these can do a maximum of damage with a minimum of effort.

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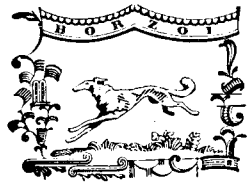

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Seeing Things

LIVING DEATH

RUINED cities, when most of us were young, belonged to antiquity. Troy, Carthage, Mitla, Mycenae—such names as these came to our minds. They stood for the victims of Time, not the product of our own times. They were remote instead of near. But things are different now. We have lived through years which have created their own ruins. Wherever the war was actually fought they are to be found. As Roberto Rossellini's new film "Germany Year Zero"* vividly reminds us (if we need reminding), ours, among other things, is an age of rubble. The charred buildings, the blasted homes, the chipped and broken monuments, the ugly stumps of what was once Berlin provide this picture with its melancholy background.

There was a period when Berlin seemed impregnable. Goering's boast was that no Allied planes would ever reach it. That boast was as hollow as other Nazi claims. They did arrive—first the British, then the British and the American—in numbers frightening and with devastating results. No one was more surprised than Goebbels. His "Diaries," found in the wreckage, their pages scattered, singed, and smelling of smoke, indicate that he must have been taken in by his own propaganda.

On November 22, 1943, he was writing: "To compensate for vanishing hopes of victory the London press now supplies its readers with tall stories about the damage alleged to have been done to Berlin during the last air raid. It is claimed, for instance, that even at this hour communications in Berlin are completely interrupted. As a matter of fact not a single tram, subway, or elevated has failed to run because of the raid. Nevertheless I shall refrain from denying these English reports. It is a good thing for the English to imagine that their new tactics achieved great successes; they will cling all the longer to these tactics, much to our advantage."

Two days later, however, Goebbels had changed his tune. "I just can't understand how the English are able to do so much damage to the Reich's capital during one air raid. . . . The picture that greeted my eye on the Wilhelmplatz was one of utter desolation. Blazing fires everywhere. . . . Transportation conditions are still quite hopeless. . . . Large English formations are once more on their way, headed straight for the capital. It means we must stand a second blow."

This time the havoc he recorded was far worse. Everything around Potsdamer Platz was destroyed. The damage done to the Government section as well as to the Western and Northern suburbs was appalling. The workers' area in the Wedding and the region along Wolgast Street were especially hard hit. Countless incendiary bombs were dropped on the Kaiserhof Hotel. The State Theatre and the Reichstag were aflame. One after another the most important buildings began to burn, including Goebbels's own Propaganda Ministry. A fire started in the Reich Chancellery. As Goebbels put it, "Hell itself seems to have broken loose over us. . . . The Government quarter is nothing short of an inferno. One can hardly recognize the Wilhelmplatz."

More, infinitely more, destruction was to come. These British raids were just the beginning. The final shambles of the proud Berlin many of us once knew supply the settings for "Germany Year Zero." They are shown as monuments to an evil and ill-starred plan for world domination. As Rossellini makes clear, living in this long, long mileage of rubble are people who have been reduced to rubble, too.

Perhaps this explains why "Germany Year Zero," in spite of its excellences, is not as moving as such of Rossellini's fine earlier films as "Open City" and "Paisan." The varied characters in those pictures were individuals who, although hideously tried, had lost neither their spirit nor their humanity. The adversities they faced did not prevent life from still running strong in them. The Berliners in "Germany Year Zero" are of another breed. Rossellini shows them during the first months of their release from war when peace has brought them only further humiliation and discomfort. They are numbed and broken, made sub-human by their misery and their hopelessness. They not only live like rats, they act like rats. They are a cornered lot; sad proofs of the sadder fact that the wreckage of our time is flesh and blood no less than sticks and stones.

"Edmund Meschke may not be acting."

IF Rossellini's story were stronger, "Germany Year Zero" might command the same interest as a drama that it does as a documentary. But his plot, as he develops it, is weak. It tells how a young boy, a starving member of a starving family, gets into bad company, determines to kill his sick father in order to gain more rations for his sister and brother, and finally commits suicide by throwing himself off a building when his remorse has become unbearable.

Such a narrative acted against such a background would, you might think, tug irresistibly at the emotions. This, however, is exactly what it fails to do. Notwithstanding its admirable moments and its ghoulish interest as a travelogue, it appears as contrived as Berlin's ruins are real. The tale it tells, though possible beyond question, never seems quite plausible.

Few directors can approach, much less equal, Rossellini when it comes to giving fiction the urgency of a newsreel. His genius for employing reality to underwrite make-believe has not deserted him in "Germany Year Zero." His camera gives us a more vivid sense than anything else has of what life is like for Berliners in the blasted sections of their city. Its pictures of gutted houses in a capital turned into a ghost-town; its vistas of demolished avenues; its shot of a famished crowd pouncing, knives out, to cut flesh from the body of

*GERMANY YEAR ZERO. Written, directed, and produced by Roberto Rossellini. Released by Superfilm Distributing Corporation. With a cast including Edmund Meschke, Ingetraude Hinze, Franz Cruger, Ernst Pischau, Erich Guhne, etc. At the Ambassador, New York City.

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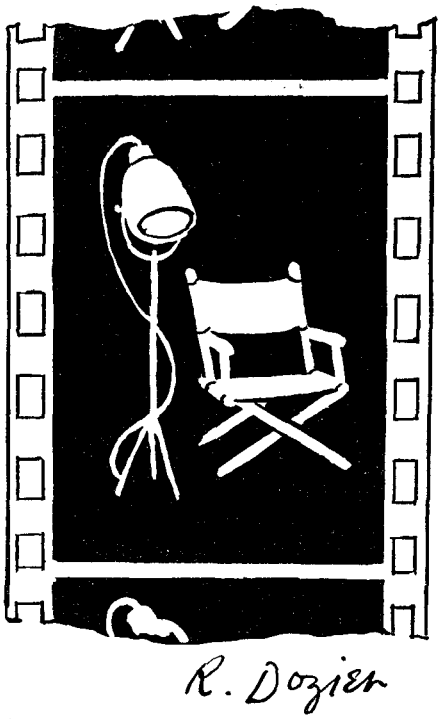
a horse that has died in the street; and its usage of non-professionals, picked up here and there to serve as actors—all these are in the familiar and welcome Rossellini tradition. But this time, although his story is focused on so pathetic a subject as blighted and twisted youth, Rossellini's details prove more moving than his film as a whole. Its action is jumpy; its characters are left sketchy. Especially when it hints at perversion among the young, it appears to suffer, and suffer seriously, from censor trouble.

Edmund Meschke, the boy found by Rossellini in Berlin to play the central figure, is a thin, long-legged child, with a face upon which the privations and barbarisms of war have left their cruel marks. At all times his acting has a truth to it which makes it uncomfortably clear that he may not be acting at all. Yet even he, tragic as are his situation and his fate, is not as touching as he should be.

Just why one can sit detached before a film compounded of so much misery is hard to say. Perhaps the simplest, assuredly the most shocking, reason is that the characters in "Germany Year Zero" are, as I have hinted, people who have been made sub-human by their suffering. Although they have our sympathy, Rossellini fails to ferret out the qualities which would individualize them or make them endearing. They are only parts of the rubble. This may be Rossellini's point. Certainly it is a disquieting truth in many areas of the modern world. But "Germany Year Zero" does not succeed in fully communicating the emotions inherent in its theme. —JOHN MASON BROWN.



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THE STRANGE DEATH OF POE

(Continued from page 9)

He spent the week of September 9 in Norfolk and its vicinity. On the 14th he lectured at the Norfolk Academy and then returned to Richmond at the end of the week. The receipts from this lecture were pathetic. Poe wrote that it brought him only two dollars above expenses, and the second Richmond lecture, given on September 24 with a fifty-cent admission charge, could not have been very successful either, since it is known that Poe was still borrowing from his friends.

A few days before the Richmond lecture Poe wrote to Mrs. Clemm announcing his intention to leave for Philadelphia and New York on September 25. The letter otherwise seems normal enough, but in it Poe shows his distrust of the world and displays his penchant for taking refuge behind an assumed name, for in asking Mrs. Clemm to write to him at Philadelphia he says: "For fear I should not get the letter, sign no name & address it to *E. S. T. Grey, Esqre.*"

He then went on to inform her that he might get married before starting —"but there is no telling." Four days later, Mrs. Shelton—probably under Poe's urging—also wrote to Mrs. Clemm. She mentioned her love for Poe but discreetly refrained from saying anything about their intended marriage on October 17.

For some unknown reason, Poe did not leave Richmond the day after his second lecture there, but stayed on for two more days. On Wednesday evening, September 26, he called on his fiancée for the last time.

He was not in good health when he arrived at Mrs. Shelton's home. Writing to Mrs. Clemm about his visit, she said:

> He was very sad, and complained of being quite sick. I felt his pulse, and found he had considerable fever, and did not think it probable he would be able to start the next morning [Thursday], as he anticipated. I felt so wretched about him all of that night, that I went up early the next morning to enquire about him, when, much to my regret, he had left in the boat for Baltimore.

After leaving Mrs. Shelton, Poe went downtown to say farewell to his friend Dr. Carter. But when he left his office, he was so muddled that he took the doctor's malacca sword-cane with him instead of his own walking-stick. He then went to Sadler's Restaurant, only a few blocks away, for a late supper. There he met some friends, and they must have made a night of it, for when they brought Poe to Rockett's Landing, to put him on the steamer that sailed from there at 5:30 A.M., no one noticed that his baggage had been left behind.

If Mrs. Shelton was correct in saying that Poe departed from Richmond by boat on Thursday, September 27, he must have gone on the *Curtis Peck*, which was the only ship available that day. It arrived in Norfolk shortly after noon, in time for its passengers to catch the Baltimore Steam Packets that sailed daily from that port. The boat scheduled to leave that afternoon was the *Herald*, in charge of Captain Russell. It left Norfolk at 3:30 P.M. and arrived at Spear's Wharf in Baltimore at seven o'clock the next morning.

Poe must have been in bad shape by then, for he disappeared for five days. All sorts of rumors have been circulated about what he did during that time. From all this maze of rumor only one clear fact emerges: on the following Wednesday, a friend of his, a doctor and editor with whom he had often corresponded, received a note written in pencil on coarse paper. It is one of the most celebrated—and saddest—documents in American literature. It read:

> Baltimore City, Oct. 3d, 1849
>
> Dear Sir,—
>
> There is a gentleman, rather the worse for wear, at Ryan's 4th ward polls, who goes under the cognomen of Edgar A. Poe, and who appears in great distress, & he says he is acquainted with you, and I assure you, he is in need of immediate assistance.
>
> Yours, in haste,
> Jos. W. Walker
>
> To. Dr. J. E. Snodgrass

October 3 was dismal, cold, and rainy. And it was election day in a city that was noted for its political corruption. Members of Congress and the State Legislature were up for election, and the Democrats and the Whigs were equally ruthless in their determination to win what appeared to be a close contest. There was no registry of voters in Baltimore then, and the local hoodlums used to capture and "coop" strangers and foreigners, fill them with whisky and drugs, and take them around to the various polling places to vote again and again for their ticket. The Whig coop was only two blocks from Cornelius Ryan's Fourth Ward polls, a saloon named Gunner's Hall. There is no certain proof, but nearly all of Poe's friends and relatives who left

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an opinion on the subject, believed that Poe had been "cooped." Since he was unable to take a single glass of wine without being violently affected by the slight amount of alcohol it contained, an overdose of whisky—and whisky that was probably drugged—must have worked like a poison on his already ravaged system.

When Snodgrass reached Ryan's saloon, he found Poe—according to his account written eighteen years later

> . . . in the bar-room, sitting in an armchair, with his head dropped forward. . . . His face was hagged [sic], not to say bloated and unwashed, his hair unkempt, and his whole physique repulsive. His . . . forehead . . . [was] shaded from view by a rusty, almost brimless, tattered and ribbonless palm leaf hat. His clothing consisted of a sack-coat of thin and slazy [sic] black alpaca, ripped more or less at several of its seams, and faded and soiled, and pants of a steel-mixed pattern of cassinette, half-worn and badly fitting, if they could be said to fit at all. He wore neither vest nor neckcloth, while the bosom of his shirt was both crumpled and badly soiled. On his feet were boots of coarse material, and giving no signs of having been blacked for a long time.

Since these were not the clothes in which Poe had left Richmond, his own apparel must have been stolen from him somewhere en route. Oddly enough, although unconscious by the time Snodgrass reached him, he was still clutching Dr. Carter's valuable sword-cane in his hand.

A carriage was called, and the dying poet was taken to the Washington College Hospital, where young Dr. J. J. Moran took him in charge. In a letter written to Mrs. Clemm about five weeks later, Moran describes the circumstances of Poe's death:

> When brought to the Hospital he was unconscious of his condition—who brought him or with whom he had been associating. He remained in this condition from 5. Ock. [sic] in the afternoon—the hour of his admission—until 3 next morning. This was on the 3rd Oct.
>
> To this state succeeded tremor of the limbs, and at first a busy, but not violent or active delirium—constant talking—and vacant converse with spectral and imaginary objects on the walls. His face was pale and his whole person drenched in perspiration—We were unable to induce tranquility before the second day after his admission.
>
> Having left orders with the nurses to that effect, I was summoned to his bedside so soon as conscious supervened, and questioned him in reference to his family—place of residence—relatives &c. But his answers were incoherent & unsatisfactory. He told me, however, he had a wife in Richmond (which, I have since

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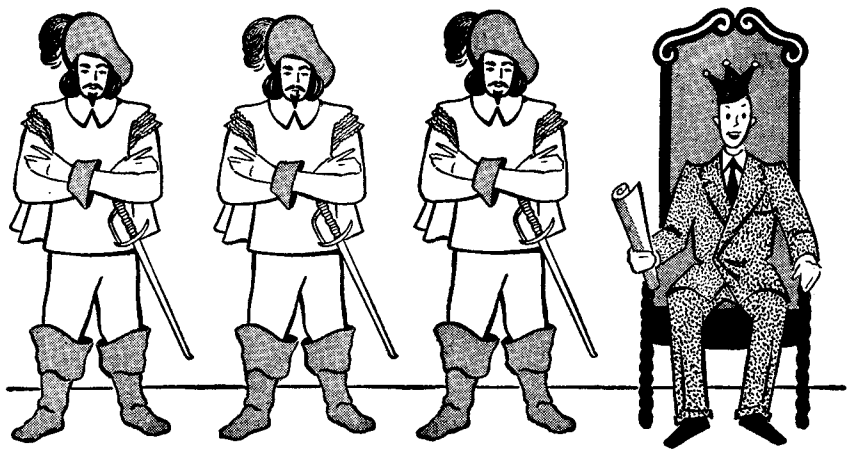

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learned was not the fact) that he did not know when he left that city or what had become of his trunk of clothing. Wishing to rally and sustain his now fast sinking hopes I told him I hoped, that in a few days he would be able to enjoy the society of his friends here, and I would be most happy to contribute in every possible way to his ease & comfort. At this he broke out with much energy, and said the best thing his best friend could do would be to blow out his brains with a pistol—that when he beheld his degradation he was ready to sink in the earth &c" Shortly after giving expression to these words Mr. Poe seemed to dose & I left him for a short time. When I returned I found him in a violent delirium, resisting the efforts of two nurses to keep him in bed. This state continued until Saturday evening (he was admitted on Wednesday) when he commenced calling for one "Reynolds," which he did through the night up to *three* on Sunday morning. At this time a very decided change began to affect him. Having become enfeebled from exertion he became quiet and seemed to rest for a short time, then gently moving his head he said "Lord help my poor Soul" and expired!

Some of Poe's relatives, who had been summoned to the hospital while he was still alive, but who had not been allowed to see him because of his condition, made arrangements for the funeral. He was buried the day after he died, at four o'clock on a rainy afternoon, when a single carriage followed his hearse to the First Presbyterian Church at Greene and Fayette Streets, where he was buried among the graves of his ancestors.

The local newspapers took little note of his death and none at all of his funeral. But two days after he died his self-appointed literary executor, Rufus Wilmot Griswold, with whom Poe had often quarreled, wrote a damaging obituary notice for the influential *New York Tribune*. This was widely reprinted, and it set the tone for the moralistic attitude with which Poe's Victorian contemporaries long continued to regard him.

These are the known facts in the case of Edgar Allan Poe. If he had been picked up dead, an inquest would have been held, but because he was alive when found, no official investigation was made. His friends and relatives followed up the case in a superficial way and then dropped it. Perhaps they were afraid of turning up more scandal, of bringing to light more unsavory incidents. There had already been enough. . . . Better to let the dead poet lie forgotten in the grave he had been unconsciously striving toward all his life.

The identification of the mysterious Reynolds, for whom the dying Poe kept calling, has always puzzled Poe's biographers. James A. Harrison, in his "Life and Letters of Edgar Allan Poe," published in 1902, first brought forth the ingenious theory that it may have been J. N. Reynolds, an authority on South Sea exploration whose knowledge of the Pacific area was used as source material for the "Narrative of Arthur Gordon Pym," which Poe had written thirteen years before. It has always seemed a far-fetched theory, but biographer after biographer since Harrison has solemnly repeated it. The probable truth lies much nearer home. The names of the election judges at Ryan's Fourth Ward Polls that day were Richard Lilly, E. G. Starr, and —Henry R. Reynolds! It may have been to this Reynolds, who must have been a person of some standing to qualify as an election judge, that Poe made his last appeal for help. And since all sense of time vanishes in moments of delirium, Poe may still have been pleading with the shadowy election judge as death closed in. Some feeble remnant of the urge to live was probably stirring within him, trying to call him back to life. But he had reached his Samarra, where Death was waiting to collect his due, and there was no turning back.

THE disaster that had always dogged Poe's footsteps did not end with his death. When Griswold edited his works and issued them in four large volumes, he included a biographical memoir which was even more damaging than the original obituary article he had written two days after Poe's death. Nor was Griswold content simply to rest his case on the facts; he vengefully falsified and even forged some of Poe's letters in order to do all the harm he could.

Meanwhile, the dead poet continued to lie in his unmarked grave. In 1855 Mrs. Clemm threatened to have his body moved to Greenwood Cemetery, Brooklyn, where friends had promised to erect a suitable monument. Nothing came of this, but in 1860, Poe's second cousin, Neilson Poe, ordered a tombstone made. A few days before it was to be put in place, a train ran off the track and plowed into the monument yard where the stone was standing. Other tombstones in the yard were damaged, but Poe's was the only one to be completely destroyed. The family made no effort to replace it, and years passed before another attempt was made to mark the grave. Then, in 1875, a group of Baltimore school teachers raised enough money to purchase an imposing marble monument. When Poe's body was exhumed that year for removal to the new site, the Baltimore *Evening News* printed an appropriately Poesque account of the opening of his grave.

> The coffin "was partially broken in at the sides, and the lid near the head was so much decayed that it fell in pieces to the ground. On looking through the aperture thus created . . . the *News* man beheld the skeleton of Poe. The flesh and funeral robes of course had crumbled into dust, and there was nothing left but the bare bones and a few clumps of hair attached to the skull, to tell that a body had once been there. The skeleton was in perfect condition, the arms lying as they were arranged in death, and the back and leg bones were in a natural position. The ribs had fallen out, but lay in order on either side of the coffin, and the skull had not moved in the least from its proper place. The teeth of the upper jaw must have been shaken out in the lifting of the coffin, for they lay scattered about the skull, but those of the lower jaw, which had fallen down from the rest of the "face," were perfect, not one being missing from either side. The teeth, looked pearly white, and were in excellent preservation.

Mrs. Clemm had died in poverty in 1871 at the same hospital in which Poe had spent his last days. Her body was now dug up to be placed alongside her son-in-law's. An elaborate dedication ceremony was held on November 17, to which leading American and British poets were invited, but Walt Whitman was the only one who came. William Cullen Bryant sent a letter disapproving of the whole affair, saying that "there should be some decided element of goodness in the character of those to whose example a public monument directs the attention of the world." Nevertheless, the dedication of Poe's tombstone received far wider attention in the newspapers than his death had. His reputation was growing, and the press could no longer ignore him.

Virginia had been buried in Fordham in a vault owned by strangers. When this was torn down the same year her husband's monument was dedicated no one seemed to have thought of sending her remains to Baltimore to rest with his. Poe's early biographer, William F. Gill, rescued her bones and kept them in a cardboard box under his bed for ten years, after which they were finally interred under the Baltimore monument.

There the unhappy little family still rests in the ancient burial grounds, where the dead of the early city lie under massive granite and marble monuments provided with gutters to keep off the rain water that ceaselessly gnaws away at the crumbling stone.

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IDEAS ON FILM

Eyewitnessing the World of the 16 mm. Motion Picture

For Health & Happiness

IT'S good news to hear of the planned production of a continuing series of non-theatrical films for adult use, but it's even better to learn that these films will deal with problems of mental health. There are many ways in which films can serve us well, but none is so important, in a sense so unique, as this one.

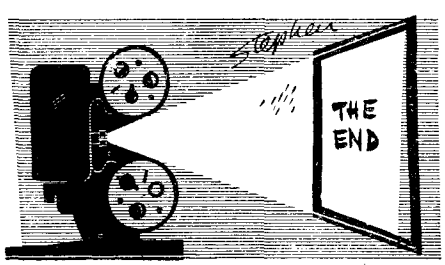
Every film which has anything to do with people must also to some extent show how people behave. The uniqueness of this series lies in the fact that the films will present behavior problems in the light of established scientific knowledge. Scientists for a long time have been studying human behavior, and they have learned a remarkable amount about it. In his presidential address before the American Psychiatric Association, Dr. William C. Menninger stated the case clearly. "Whether we wish it or not, we cannot avoid the responsibility of helping the public to understand psychiatry," he said. "We can supply the scientific facts on personality development and function; we have some very definite data on the effect of environment, including the influence of social forces. We have some knowledge of the unconscious dynamics which appear so mysterious to the layman. This understanding, if we made it available, undoubtedly could be helpful in alleviating social distress."*

One thing should be emphasized from the start—the films will not be concerned with psychiatry. This is to say that we don't all have to understand psychiatry in order to be healthy and happy. Through its many complicated and tedious research practices, science often comes up with information which we, as non-specialists, never really understand. We are surrounded by apparatuses in our daily lives which we use without a background of special knowledge about them. For example, we take advantage of the exhaustive scientific knowledge about electricity by having our homes properly lit, by listening to our radio, using electric irons, and so forth. Yet we are not all electricians, and few of us aspire to be. We accept a practical explanation of how these appliances function, and we use them as wisely as we can, calling for an electrician when things get really out of hand. Our interest in electricity is not in how it works, but in how it works for us.

The situation with information about mental health is somewhat the same. However, knowledge about mental health cannot be manufactured and marketed in the usual sense. It can be translated from purely scientific applications into terms and situations which we can understand and profit by. This translating job the film can do with amazing facility.

A certain amount of groundwork has already been laid for this new film program. First of all there was the British picture "Psychiatry in Action" (*SRL* Nov. 6, 1948), a sixty-minute film produced in 1943, showing various kinds of therapy in a psychiatric hospital in England during the war. The film is distributed in this country by the British Information Services to professional psychiatric workers for their use with medical and lay groups. Then John Huston's "Let There Be Light," produced by the United States Army Signal Corps, showed similar methods of hospital treatment for soldiers in this country; this film has not been made available for distribution of any kind. A second Army film entitled "Shades of Gray," purportedly made to replace "Let There Be Light" for some sort of general distribution, likewise has been withheld. Both the Army and Navy produced special series of films on combat neuroses and related problems—but these too were not released generally. Perhaps it is just as well. It was inevitable that mental-health films should be released for public use, and it is preferable that they come from a civilian rather than a military source.

The most popular films in this field are the three productions of the National Film Board of Canada—"The Feeling of Rejection" (*SRL* Nov. 6, 1948), "The Feeling of Hostility" and "Over-dependency" (*SRL* July 23, 1949). The idea was to produce films which might prove of value for professional use in group therapy. But the wide acceptance the first film received, especially in the United States, showed that the public wanted to find out all it could about this important subject of human behavior. The three films, produced and directed by Robert Anderson, who now directs the program of the Mental Health Film Board, established a new set of experiences for both producers and audiences, which will certainly be of invaluable help in planning and filming this new series.



IN THIS country several noteworthy beginnings have been made in films relating to mental health. McGraw-Hill's "Emotional Health" and Coronet's "Attitudes and Health" have explained some basic factors in emotional and physical disturbances. Hollywood produced "The Snake Pit," which won critical and box-office acclaim for a vivid dramatization of mental illness and its ramifications. And the surprise film of many years dealt sensitively with the problems of a young boy in a hostile environment and his chance for a return to a healthy life. That film was "The Quiet One" (*SRL* Dec. 11, 1948)—unfortunately not yet available in 16mm.

During the past year Irving Jacoby, present chairman of the New York Film Council, who has written and/or produced such outstanding films as "The Pale Horseman," "Journey Into Medicine," and the Affiliated Film production "Marriage for Moderns," now nearly completed, has been film consultant to the National Institute of Mental Health of the U. S. Public Health Service. Out of this work and Film Council activity plans for the Mental Health Film Board began.

The setting is just about perfect. Everyone—professional workers and laymen—has indicated that the time to start learning about ourselves and our relations with other people is right now. The Mental Health Film Board, in planning to produce not merely seven films, but as many as it can on a continuing basis, indicates that it is designed to go as far into the future as will be possible. This program potentially carries the greatest value that has yet been imagined in the relatively young field of 16mm. films. We can only hope that it will be successful to the fullest.

—CECILE STARR.

*American Journal of Psychiatry, July 1949.

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Scenario for Psychiatry

ROBERT ANDERSON and IRVING JACOBY

EDITOR'S NOTE: *This week the Mental Health Film Board is announcing its formation and its plans to produce, for the first time in this country, a series of 16mm. films on mental health problems for general circulation. With mental illness recognized as one of the major problems facing us today,* SRL *is pleased to present to its readers the first authoritative statement of the development of this important and unique program.*

THE formation of the Mental Health Film Board, a motion-picture unit that is unique in both its scope and its organization, has been publicly announced in the past week. If it succeeds in its general purpose, to produce and distribute superior educational films in a field where they are badly needed, the Board may well set a precedent for other fields where disorganization and economic chaos have kept such activity on a sporadic, desultory, and ineffectual level.

Mental health is a subject that can only be understood in terms of mental illness, yet the Board, composed almost entirely of M. D.'s, will probably not make a single medical picture out of the considerable resources with which it begins its existence. Mental health expresses itself in the community in human terms, in marriages that work, in labor relations that are reasonable, in children who grow up into happy adults, in a lively cultural life, in people who reach old age with a growing sense of personal peace, in a reduction of crime and juvenile delinquency, in an absence of hate between the different groups that make up the community. And the mental-health film program will be carried out along similar human-interest lines. They will differ from other pictures on similar subjects in only two major ways: (1) they will have an overall goal of preventing the more serious aspects of mental illness that now constitute America's costliest medical problem, and (2) they will attack these human problems with the information and insight that have been developed through the years by psychologists and psychiatrists working behind the closed doors of laboratories, clinics, and consulting rooms. Mental health is the business of parents, teachers, ministers, doctors, lawyers, businessmen, statesmen, and every other individual in the community who has anything at all to do with inter-personal relationships. The scope of the Mental Health Film Board is to try to help these people to understand their day-to-day problems in terms of the so-called "human element" that usually contributes 99 per cent of the problem, and to increase the productivity of the community by reducing the hidden forces that tend to make its members defeat their own purposes.

The new Film Board is composed of the following psychiatrists: Dr. Leo H. Bartemeier, president of the International Psychoanalytic Society; Dr. Kenneth E. Appel, chief of the Neuro-Psychiatric Clinic of Pennsylvania Hospital; Dr. M. Ralph Kaufman, president of the American Psychoanalytic Association; Dr. Carl Binger, editor of *Psychosomatic Medicine*; Dr. Leon Saul, head of the Department of Preventive Psychiatry of the University of Pennsylvania School of Medicine; Dr. Thomas A. C. Rennie, of Cornell University Medical College and New York Hospital, and Dr. Howard Rome, of the Mayo Clinic. Representing various aspects of public health on the Film Board are Dr. Leona Baumgartner, of the Children's Bureau of the Federal Security Agency; Dr. Joseph Bobbitt, clinical psychologist of the National Institute of Mental Health, and Dr. Vlado Getting, commissioner of Public Health of Massachusetts. Mrs. Alberta Altman, of the National Institute of Mental Health, who is largely responsible for bringing the Board into existence, and Nina Ridenour, educational director of the National Committee for Mental Hygiene, are to be executive consultants. The Board is also appointing an Advisory Council of anthropologists, sociologists, educators, film producers, and distributors, and leaders of lay groups interested in mental health. The Advisory Council, in addition to providing a cross reference to community problems, is designed to link the Board's program to the practical needs of film users throughout the country.

THE Board is primarily a policy-making body. It will decide the specific directions toward which the program will work, it will devise a long-range master plan of specific films, it will set up a priority list for subjects, it will set up evaluation projects to consider the films already available in the field. In other words, it will become a center and clearing house for films on mental health. But it will, at the same time, supervise the production and distribution of a number of pictures that it considers of top priority and importance. This fall it is planning to produce the first seven films from funds supplied by the mental health authorities of thirteen states. The actual picture making and distribution are to be carried out under contract by various existing firms at the direction of the Board's film officer, Robert Anderson, one of the authors of this piece. What goes into the films, and even the way in which the films are designed to affect the members of the audience, will be determined in large part by the Board. Unlike some of their colleagues who have been "technical advisors" to Hollywood picture makers, the psychiatrists in this case will be the producers who will use film people as technical advisors. And unlike Hollywood, which has for the most part used psychiatric knowledge to

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entertain, to scare, and to thrill, the Board hopes to use it to help people live richer lives, to allay their personal anxieties, and to make them happier, more productive citizens.

Early in the development of this project fears were expressed that the notorious differences of opinion between schools and systems of psychiatry would soon lead to serious troubles in deciding the content of the films or even their goals. To be sure, the differences exist, but more and more, as discussions of the plan evoked response from many different quarters of the profession, it became apparent that there exists a great body of thought that is no longer the object of serious doubt or uncertainty.

How this particular body of thought is to be translated to a general audience raises more interesting possibilities than are usually inherent in an educational film project. Psychiatrists, from scientific experience, know that the basic attitudes of people cannot be changed by giving them facts; film makers, from artistic experience, are aware of the same truth. As film makers, we have always tried to exploit, in the best sense of that word, the emotional aspects of our material. However, in the productions of the new Film Board the emotions themselves will constitute a large part of the material. Artistically that should mean good movies, that is, exciting, stimulating, colorful, gripping movies. On the other hand, the unresolved stimulation of certain emotions can result in the production of anxieties and fears that defeat the very purpose of these pictures. The only way to avoid the pitfall will be the development of an interesting partnership between the scientist and the creative person so that, working closely together throughout the entire production process, they will end up with what is both good art and good medicine.

These films, under such conditions, cannot turn into the how-to-do-it, pat-answer pictures that clutter up so many of the educational film catalogues, since no one can make formulas on how to live life. On the other hand, no one will try to turn the seats of theatres and 16mm. auditoriums into psychoanalytical couches. This is simply a project for mass education which is being tackled with the classic documentary film approach that still is, as it was in the days when John Grierson first expressed it, the use of realism to change patterns of thought and feeling on a community level. That's exactly what the psychiatrists, in their learned professional papers, are saying has to be done if we are to get anywhere in preventing mental illness in our time.

The Film Forum

PROBLEM FILMS

***The Saturday Review*'s Weekly Guide to Selected 16mm. Sound Films.**

EDITOR'S NOTE: *A handy listing of 16mm. commercial and educational film libraries has been compiled by Seerley Reid, of the U. S. Office of Education, and is available from the Superintendent of Documents, U. S. Printing Office, Washington, D. C., at 15¢ per copy. Libraries are grouped according to state and city in alphabetical order, and everyone who uses 16mm. films will find this an invaluable aid in locating convenient film sources. Title of the pamphlet is "A Directory of 897 16mm. Film Libraries."*

CORRECTION: *In the August 27* FILM FORUM, *major distribution sources for two films were listed incorrectly. "Human Growth" is available from the E. C. Brown Trust, 220 W. Alder St., Portland 4, Ore., and "High Over the Borders" is available from the New York Zoological Park, Education Department, New York 60, N. Y. Both these films may be rented from a number of film libraries throughout the country.*

PROBLEM DRINKERS

Produced and distributed by The March of Time Forum, 369 Lexington Ave., New York 17, N. Y. (18 min.)

This and the film below make a good team for presenting the alcohol problem. "Problem Drinkers" is a series of dramatized episodes, at times overacted, in the life of a confirmed drinker. In this case there are no apparent reasons for his drinking; like many others, his problem is that no matter what he starts out to do he finds himself having a drink first, and he doesn't know he has had enough until he has had too many. The film traces some of the efforts that have been made to solve the problem of alcoholism—from temperance unions to Alcoholics Anonymous, emphasizing the work of this latter group and its remarkable number of successful cures. While this is not the whole solution to the problem of alcoholism, psychologically speaking, it has one of the most impressive records of any self-help movement (*i. e.*, helping oneself by helping others).

ALCOHOL AND THE HUMAN BODY

Produced and distributed by Encyclopaedia Britannica Films, Wilmette, Ill., (15 min.)

A film of this kind will probably do more to take the false glamour and excitement away from the cocktail lounge and bar, in the minds of the high-school students for whom it is primarily intended, than any amount of lecturing or forbidding could possibly do. The technique is simple and the information factual. Animated drawings show how various amounts of ethyl alcohol affect the body and brain, and live photography shows how these in turn affect the behavior of the drinker. We see why and how moderate or "social" drinking results in a mild relaxing of inhibitions. Excessive drinking, far from easing social tensions, involves loss of muscular control and memory, and as more and more of the brain becomes affected, ends in unconsciousness. A brief sequence on the "problem drinker," explains that his dependency upon alcohol constitutes a disease. However, the film deals with only the most superficial aspects of the causes of alcoholism and its proper treatment.

All in all this is a successful film, cleverly interweaving straight scientific information with dramatic reenactments which translate the information into terms of commonplace reality. Adult groups will find the film every bit as useful for their own information as teachers will for classroom use.

CAREERS AND CRADLES

Produced by the National Film Board of Canada. Available from Brandon Films, 1700 Broadway, New York 18, N. Y. (10 min.)

Personal problems often are the direct result of social changes to which the individual must adapt himself. The role of women in society is an outstanding recent example of change to which we have not quite become adjusted. The film shows the characteristically interested glances which an ordinarily attractive woman gets from men as she walks down the street, in contrast with the uncomfortable stares she gets from seated males in the trolley or subway while she stands or hangs as best she can.

The problem goes more deeply than merely whether a man should offer his seat to a woman, who may earn more money at her job than he does. It goes even more deeply than a mere matter of reconciling society to woman's new dual role as a responsible citizen and as a wife and mother. For not only are men confused about the new status of women, but women themselves have to face problems which formerly were relegated to men—and more and more of them are finding themselves successful. The film shows a number of famous Canadian women at their work as scientists, musicians, even deep-sea divers.

Some interesting questions are posed in this film, humorously as well as seriously. But "Careers and Cradles" is only a brief introduction to a subject which certainly deserves fuller film treatment.

—CECILE STARR.

For information about the purchase or rental of any films, please write to Film Department, The Saturday Review, 25 West 45th St., New York 19, N. Y.

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Psychoses, Neuroses, Ego & Id

PATRICK MULLAHY

AN OUTLINE OF PSYCHOANALYSIS. By Sigmund Freud. New York: W. W. Norton & Co. 127 pp. $2.

NOT long before his death Sigmund Freud undertook his final exposition of psychoanalysis, now translated into English by James Strachey as "An Outline of Psychoanalysis." It is apparently not quite complete but the main ideas of Freud are there. There is little, if anything, essentially new in it. The book is divided into three parts, which contain, first, a discussion of the mind and its workings; second, of the "practical task," that is, technique; and, finally, of "theory."

In the first part Freud outlines his theory of personality and personality development. As is usual with him, his orientation is mechanistic-biological. The "core of our being" is formed by the id, where the organic "instincts" operate. It expresses "the true purpose of the individual organism's life," which is satisfaction of its innate needs. Fundamentally, there are two kinds of instincts, those represented by Eros or the love instinct, and those represented by the destructive or death instinct. The two combine and fuse or work against each other, thus manifesting the phenomena which we call life. Because the id is blind, impulsive, and irrational, another agency arises in the course of our history to insure self-preservation, the ego. Survival and self-preservation "is the business of the ego." It seeks the most favorable and least dangerous method of obtaining satisfaction of instinctual needs. A third entity, the superego, which comes into being in childhood mainly due to the moral and social requirements of the family and society, and which appears in consciousness often in the form of conscience, is primarily concerned with limiting instinctual satisfactions.

At one point it may seem as if Freud has arrived at a new therapeutic orientation. He warns the analyst not to repeat the mistakes of the parents when they crushed the patient's independence. But as we read on we see that the freedom of the patient is a freedom not only to strengthen the relative power of his ego but to control, sublimate, and rise superior to "the crude life" of the instincts. Therapy, in Freud's view then, effects not primarily a liberation of individuality by the release of creative potentialities for life experience but a restoration of our ability to control our crude drives in accordance with the demands of "reality" and society, and a partial and temporary escape from the instinctive destructiveness allegedly inherent in all of us.

While there is a great deal more one might discuss, I want to make one criticism. Fundamentally, Freud has an insufficient realization of the function of society in making "the little primitive creature," the infant, through the agency of the family or its surrogate, into a human being. Social scientists have shown again and again that human nature is extraordinarily plastic, that human potentialities for either constructive or destructive behavior can be assigned no fixed limits. They have shown also that it is false and misleading to speak of fixed innate drives apart from the society in which a person's human nature is molded and fashioned.

HOW PSYCHIATRY HELPS. By Phillip Polatin, M.D. and Ellen C. Philtine. New York: Harper & Bros. 242 pp. $3.

Dr. Phillip Polatin and his wife, Ellen C. Philtine, have written a popular but not superficial book. It explains in everyday language what psychoses and neuroses are and how they are treated. There is a minimum of theoretical discussion. Not only psychoanalysis but various other forms of psychiatric therapy are explained briefly and clearly, including "shock treatment," chemical treatments (narcotherapy), and "psychosurgery" ("brain operations"). The book is genuinely informative and interestingly presented.

In the last few years certain kinds of brain operations have been sometimes performed to alleviate severe mental disorders. Polatin and Philtine devote a chapter to describing psychosurgery, which one psychiatrist referred to with bitterness as "benefiting" the patient by reducing his capacity for being human. In any case, such an undertaking on the authors' own account is clearly hazardous, and they give warning that psychosurgery is "a radical measure of last resort." This sounds like an understatement, to put it mildly.

Sigmund Freud—making human "the little primitive creature."

BASIC PRINCIPLES OF PSYCHOANALYSIS. By A. A. Brill, M.D. New York: Doubleday & Co. 298 pp. $3.45.

ONE of Freud's early disciples was the late Dr. A. A. Brill. Above everyone else, he was instrumental in introducing psychoanalysis to America. Ever since 1908 he worked with devotion and industry to acquaint the medical profession and the lay public with the ideas of Freud. For this we owe Brill a debt of gratitude. This revised edition of his "Basic Principles of Psychonalysis" represents his last effort. It is a non-technical exposition, abounding in illustrative material and highly readable. As always, he follows Freud strictly, to whom he refers the reader for more detailed and technical information. Being a popular work, "Basic Principles" is neither profound nor theoretically rigorous, but it will serve as a lively introduction to psychoanalysis for those who either lack the time or interest to study more difficult works.

Unfortunately, the book is marred by a puritanical and tedious middle-class ethic of "work" and "adjustment." Consider the following remarks in connection with nervous breakdowns allegedly from overwork:

> When one takes the history of such persons one finds that they were always more or less discontented, that they were in constant need of vacations, and were always ailing. Contented workers have to be forced to take vacations. Vacations, as commonly understood, are neurotic fads which adjusted persons don't want and which are of no benefit to those who clamor for them. The fact that most vacations really cause fatigue shows that their alleged purpose is just a blind. The adjusted person

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works for work's sake—his vocation represents a part of his "cosmic urge" and hence he is unable to stop. That answers those who are puzzled as to why some of our multi-millionaires continue to work untiringly. . . .

PSYCHIATRY FOR THE MILLIONS. By Benzion Liber, M.D. New York: Frederick Fell. 307 *pp.* $2.75.

The vicissitudes of the recent war, and Hollywood, too, in its own inimitable manner, have made the masses psychiatry-conscious. In spite of the distorted picture of therapeutic techniques which Hollywood often presents, people are gradually learning that psychiatry is not a mysterious and esoteric science. Dr. Benzion Liber, in "Psychiatry for the Millions," apparently wants to do whatever he can toward educating the masses about psychiatry. His book is essentially on the order of counsel, explanation, and advice given by a family physician when, say, a member of the family is having emotional problems in living. It explains a little, gives many warnings and much good advice, of which I select the following: "Do not expect too much from anyone—from individuals, groups, social bodies, movements—and you will not be disappointed."

FUNDAMENTALS OF PSYCHOANALYSIS. By Franz Alexander, M.D. New York: W. W. Norton & Co. 312 *pp.* $3.75.

DR. FRANZ ALEXANDER'S "Fundamentals of Psychoanalysis" is much less popular in tone than Dr. Brill's book. It is more of a determined theoretical analysis and exposition of psychoanalysis. Alexander does not swallow all Freudian ideas whole. His position, it seems to me, takes a middle ground between strict Freudian orthodoxy and the cultural orientation of people like Karen Horney, Erich Fromm, and the late Harry Stock Sullivan.

Not only does Alexander believe, as Adolf Meyer and others have maintained for many years, that the functions of the mind are as truly biological as locomotion and breathing, that they are "adaptive mechanisms," but also that they "sometime in the future will probably be described in terms of physics and chemistry." Here we see that Alexander retains Freud's mechanistic philosophy of mind. It is a point of view which is dear to many physicians. But it is incomprehensible to some of us. For how can one explain consciousness and thinking, including foresight, by means of the principles of physics and chemistry? Those who have tried to explain mind mechanistically have had to resort to the curious device of explaining characteristic qualities of mind away by asserting that they are unreal, epiphenomenal, or something like that.

Such an orientation usually, if not always, goes along with an inadequate understanding of the role of culture. Because of space limitations, I shall select only one illustration in order to show what I think reflects an inadequate realization by Alexander of the role of society: Certain "asocial tendencies, though manifest in man's early development, are repressed so successfully that they no longer operate effectively. Special prohibitions against cannibalism which are necessary in some primitive civilizations are superfluous with us, for the impulse to eat other human beings has been deeply repressed at an early age."

Now the facts of anthropological science seem to show conclusively that we are no more born with an impulse to eat other human beings than we are born with an impulse to eat strawberries and cream. It would be superfluous, however, to repeat the criticism of Freud, that the raw material of human nature is molded and channeled along lines of good or evil according to the cultural patterns, and that it is erroneous to speak of fixed inherent evil or asocial impulses.

THE COMMONSENSE PSYCHIATRY OF DR. ADOLF MEYER: Fifty-two Selected Papers. Edited, with Biographical Narrative, by Alfred Lief. New York: McGraw-Hill Co. 677 *pp.* $6.50.

PROBABLY the most spectacular development in psychiatry during the past fifty years has been psychoanalysis. During this same period, however, the "psychobiology" of Adolf Meyer has played an outstanding role. In fact, the achievements of Meyer are so many that to recount them would involve a history of American psychiatry for more than half a century. Meyer's name is associated with "commonsense psychiatry," with the "pragmatic" and functional, which eschews and leans heavily on practical methods of observation and therapy. Alfred Lief has put together fifty-two selected papers of Meyer and included them, along with a biographical narrative, in "The Commonsense Psychiatry of Dr. Adolph Meyer."

Meyer learned to look upon the individual as an integrated entity, a whole person, not a being composed of two different and irreconcilable substances, matter and spirit or body and mind. Mind is a function or set

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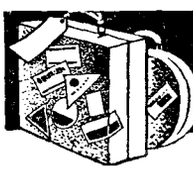
of functions of the organism, not an entity cooped up within the person. Aristotle, Meyer observes, "saw in the psyche what he called the form and realization or fulfilment of the human organism; he would probably now say, with us, the activity and function of an individual or person."

The "real essence" of mind and soul is found in "the plain and intelligible human activities and relations to self and others." Man is "fundamentally a social being."

Instead of talking about mind, Meyer talked about "mentation" in order to emphasize the fact that he thought of mind as an activity and function and not as a substance. He discussed *persons* not merely *minds* for the purpose of emphasizing that the individual is "a biological entity, with a name and life history and inner continuity and actual record, an entity spread over a lifetime between conception and death and natural periods and phases and rhythms of action and rest, wakefulness and sleep, phases of maximal fitness and states of repair." And he saw that any given performance or act cannot be understood in isolation, for "each one has a history, an apprenticeship, an accumulation of experience and preparedness for use."

From a theoretical point of view, Meyer has two advantages over Freud. He did not postulate special forces like the libido to account for action and behavior, and he did not divide the personality into separate compartments. But Meyerian psychiatry has theoretical limitations too. There is no theory of personality, so far as I can see, or of personality development such as psychoanalysts have created. For this reason I do not believe a sufficient understanding of the role of the past can be obtained from the Meyerian standpoint, in spite of the fact that Meyer is well aware that the past enters into present experience.

Furthermore, although he rightly observes that man is a social being, in concrete psychological terms he shows little awareness of its implications. He did not emancipate himself from individualistic psychology. For him the primary unit of study is still the human organism conceived essentially apart from his relations to others. He does not sufficiently realize that a person cannot be understood for one single moment without his relation to others, his interpersonal exists only in such relations. Personality develops and exists only in such relations. It is not enough to *say* the real essence of mind exists in activities and relations to self and others. One must show *how*, and Meyer, as far as I can see, does not do that.



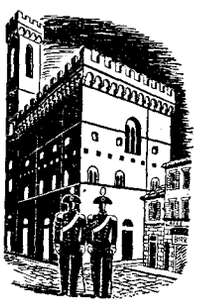
BOOKED for TRAVEL

WHEN IN ROME, ROAM

ROME.

AFTER four weeks in Italy I have gathered some incidental addenda about the customs and habits of the country which, in view of the tourist figures being bandied about here, I had better pass along. Some 2,500,000 pilgrims and assorted visitors are expected in Italy for the Holy Year of 1950, which, I'm sure you must have heard by now, begins when the Pope starts to chip away on a sealed door to St. Peter's with a little gold hammer on the night of December 24.

Italian is a language in which *adagio* means slow, *piano* means floor, and *piccolo* means small. To make the water warmer, turn the faucet marked *calda*. Most words end in "o," "a," "i," or "e." If you want a telephone, look for a *telefono*. If you want a husband, look for a *sposo*. If you want a drink, ask for *scotchi*. Italians also drop their "h's." The letter hardly exists in the language. If you are bound for the race track, follow the signs that point to the *ippodromo*, and if you should lift something heavy, what you are in for is an *ernia*.



Italy is full of pasta, and it is inevitable that if you visit here you will be too. Pasta is a combination of flour, water, and eggs, and it comes in fifty-seven varieties. Spaghetti is pasta and so are noodles. Italian cookery varies with the sauce which one drapes over the pasta. In Bologna the Bolognese eat it with meat sauce, in Genoa the Genoese eat it with pesto, a kind of green erb. Up in the north country the starch staple is rice, gnocchi (a mixture of wheat and potatoes), and polenta (a ballast made of corn meal). The pasta or the rice or the gnocchi is served first as a sort of appetizer. But as one Englishman was heard to say recently, they give you enough spaghetti to knit a pullover, and it often isn't necessary to plunge deeper into the menu. Veal is the national meat in Italy, and it comes smothered in cheese, breaded, grilled, mixed with peppers, sauted with flavorsome leaves, or cold in a sandwich. Should you see beefsteak on a menu don't order it with visions of a two-pound porterhouse. It comes razor thin, like the veal. Most hotels serve an entrecote or a filet, but if you want an old-fashioned U. S. charcoal-broiled, two-inch-thick steak head for Buca Lapi in Florence, which to the best of my research is the only place in Italy which serves them. Italians have the French penchant for fruit and cheese desserts. Italy, after all, is the mother of Bel Paese and Gorgonzola, and the grapes grow here like the weeds in Hogan's sandlot. Italians don't attach the same importance as the French do to wine labels and years. One merely asks for white or red. One year's vintage seems to be quite as good as the next or as the last, the weather being considerably steadier than the politics.

It is, of course, as in most Continental countries, virtually impossible to have coffee and dessert arrive, after the American custom, at the same time. What makes such a coincidence even more improbable in Italy is the Italian custom of having coffee in a different place than the restaurant in which you had dinner. There are bars for the purpose, all of which are equipped with a contraption of valves, pipes, dials, and gauges doubtlessly patterned after the boiler room of Fulton's Folly. After a considerable amount of huffing, coughing, and spitting, the machine grudgingly gives up a thimbleful of coffee you could put in your eye. Don't! It is stronger than moonshine, as black as tar, and just as tasty.

ITALIANS are in the habit of sitting in the cafés and drinking perhaps half a dozen cups of coffee an evening. And there are those who say that the local coffee habit is the whole key to the Italian disposition. The country just has coffee nerves on a national scale.

By all odds Italy's restaurants have an excellent selection of food at prices Americans will not find high. It is possible to have a dinner for $4, but you would have to look for a restaurant with a bill of fare that high. Dinner in most of the better hotels costs $2 at the current rate. The restaurants are all à la carte, and you can get by nicely for $1.50 to $2.50, a dollar or so more if you take wine.

In spite of the fact that gasoline runs about a dollar a gallon there are hordes of Americans driving their own cars. The sight of a 1949 con-

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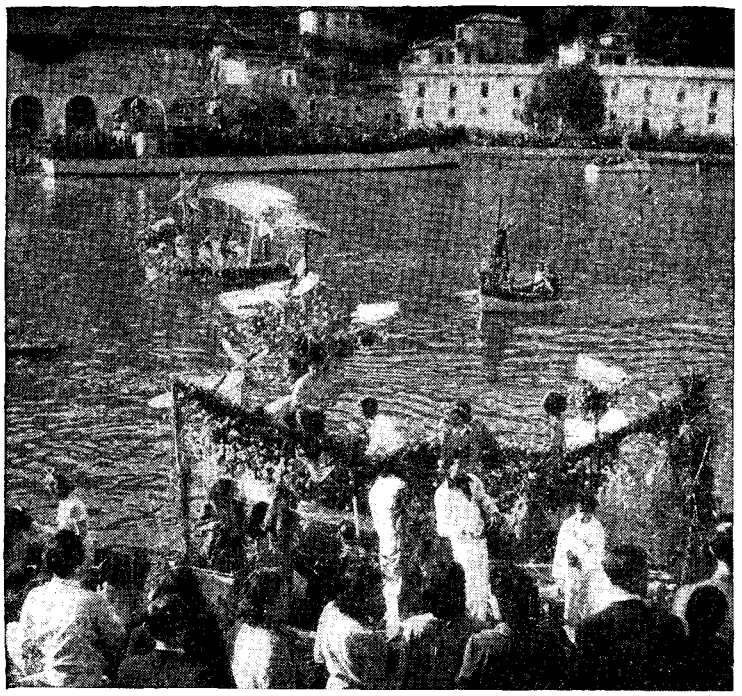

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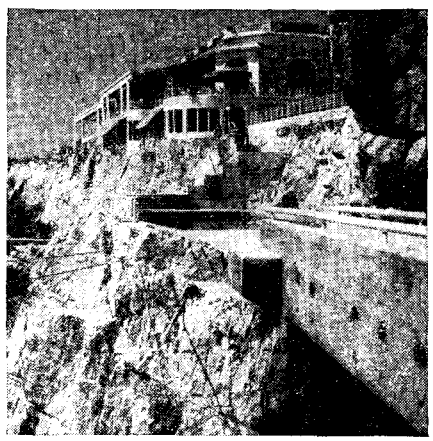

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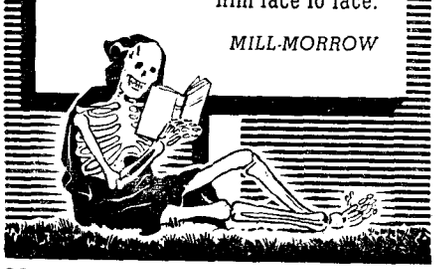

vertible Studebaker with an Indiana license plate parked in front of Caesar's Forum is not an incomprehensible sight. There are some flashy Fiats on the avenues, but most Italians drive either Vespas, topolinos, or bicycles. A Vespa, which means wasp, is the name given to the modernistic motorized little scooter-bikes which have made a tremendous hit because they are cheap, fast, and racy looking. A topolino, which is a little mouse, is the name for Fiat's tiny two-passenger automobile. Italians drive their vehicles according to the Latin, or horn-of-plenty system. Car drivers blow their horns almost incessantly because the streets are narrow, the bicycle traffic is undisciplined, there are few traffic lights, and also because they like to blow their horns. If you are a pedestrian and you encounter an oncoming Vespa, topolino, bicycle, or unclassified velocipede, the man on wheels has the right of way. If you would like to contest that fact you will shortly be contemplating the blue Italian sky from a recumbent position in the Italian gutter.

Once on foot, the local tempo is considerably slower. Although the country has bounced back from the war with energetic industry, it is not an ambitious industry. Everyone would like to get back where he was, not necessarily further. There is none of the frenzied American stress for continual improvement. The offices in Rome during the warm season, which is still on, are open from nine until twelve, and again from four until seven-thirty or eight. It really doesn't matter who is running things, the habits of the capital city change very little. All of Rome's history, according to a local wisecrack, can be traced through the signs on Rome's walls: 1928, Viva the King; 1938, Viva Mussolini; 1948, Coca Cola.

—HORACE SUTTON.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
THE OWL AND THE PUSSY CAT *Owen Cameron* (Harper: $2.50)	Ferry-boat skipper goes a-roving with corpse, shady characters, blonde daughter, and her lorn lover aboard. All ends well.	Not enough wham and too much whimsey to satisfy gore seekers — but fun is constant and there's a plot.	Diverting
THE DISAPPEARING PARSON *Miles Burton* (Crime Club: $2.25)	Newly appointed rural English dominie vanishes. Insp. Arnold and Desmond Merrion uncover corpse, murderer, and deeply laid plot.	Pity that murderee should be most likable person in story —but vengeance is wreaked in proper places, with appropriate violence.	Good marks
THE SECOND CONFESSION *Rex Stout* (Viking: $2)	Father of girl enamored of possible Communist hires Nero Wolfe to make sure. Suburban slayings follow blitz of Nero's orchids.	Stylish, timely, and brilliantly plotted, with Archie and his boss functioning at full speed—Nero even leaves home to snare killer.	Very good
THE STALKING MAN *Wilson Tucker* (Rinehart: $2.50)	Unfathomable murder of Midwestern railroad man puzzles Charles Horne and police until former's pertinacity uncovers tenuous clue.	Enjoyable excursion into great variety of blind alleys. Grisly, humorous, neatly dovetailed, and almost unguessable.	Good
WHERE MY SHADOW FALLS *Leon G. Turrou* (Doubleday: $2.95)	Former FBI ace tells what it takes to be "G-man" and touches high spots of two decades of crime detection.	Rather overwritten but always interesting account of narcotic, kidnapping, espionage, and black-market cases, well furnished with factual thrills.	Readable
THE CORPSE WITH THE MISSING WATCH *R. A. J. Walling* (Morrow: $2.50)	Future son-in-law of perturbed English publisher asks friend Tolefree to elucidate perturbation. Publisher is killed and Tolefree buckles down.	Urbane, chatty, expertly plotted, surprising—and bit slower than most Tolefree tales, of which this unhappily may be last.	Impeccable

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The New Recordings

COMPOSITION, PERFORMER, ALBUM NUMBER, NUMBER OF RECORDS	ENGINEERING *Recording Technique, Surface*	PERFORMANCE AND CONTENT
GILBERT AND SULLIVAN: "TRIAL BY JURY." D'Oyly Carte Opera Co., New Promenade Orch., Godfrey. London (LP) LLP 70 (See also "Pinafore," "Pirates.")	A beautifully clear, natural recording; balance of all elements is ideal, words are so clear libretto is superfluous. But transfer to LP is faulty; many loud passages badly overcut.	(See below.) The latest D'Oyly Carte product with new cast, orch. In spite of comments below, this is a thoroughly enjoyable "Trial," especially in the unbroken form. Recording clarity is a joy.
TCHAIKOVSKY: SYMPHONY #4. Paris Conservatory Orch., Kleiber. London (LP) LLP 2	Like others of this first LP batch, recording is tops, LP transferral erratic. Loud parts blast, break up, refuse to track. Such trouble should vanish as London gets LP know-how.	To one allergic to excess Tchaikovsky this playing is histamine—it exaggerates the worried, nervous, petulant aspects of the music, is careless in the details that count.
DVORAK: QUARTET IN F, OP. 96 ("American"); MOZART: ADAGIO AND FUGUE. Griller String Quartet. London (LP) LLP 4	By far the best technically of the first batch of London LP's. Dvorak is steely-sharp but mellifluous too; no trouble with blasting here. The Mozart isn't as good; the loud fugue gets fuzzy towards end.	Bid for U. S. audience? It's a nice, comfortable, tuneful piece anyway and wonderfully, lightheartedly played here. The Mozart is proportionately serious, the Adagio gorgeous, the Fugue marred in recording.

G & S FEVER

A NEW set of official D'Oyly Carte Gilbert and Sullivan recordings is major news. G & S, often abominated by the more sophisticated of our musicians, persists in the U. S. astonishingly in two forms, the recorded and the amateur performance. The two abet each other hotly.

G & S is a passionate fever that may strike one at any youthful age above twelve. It is delicious, if exhausting. I caught it aged seventeen (I was a Juror) and eighteen (a Member of the Crew), and shall never endure such sheer excitement again. A first attack of G & S is a thing of utter violence. There are those who sustain succeeding bouts without decrease, but for most the fever is less after the early years (it's a long disease) and in later life the attacks are pleasantly mild, the emotions nostalgic and just a bit world-weary.

Thus these new discs will touch off bitter-sweet memories of the hot youthful days (a lapse of five years is plenty to set off *that* reaction!); more practically, there will be comparisons, minute and exhaustive—for we are vets, we have been through this, we know each shade of proper expression, each pitfall along the way. I think the new D'Oyly Carte material can be summarized quickly for us ex-Savoyards. This professional company has had a G & S monopoly in England for seventy-five years. Its repertory is highly limited and enormously repetitive. In spite of new blood, new audiences, the G & S routine becomes glassy after the thousandth performance. Here we have for the most part a gratifying musical job. This orchestra plays with wholly pleasing spontaneity, the overtures and accompaniments are full-blooded, not tinny. Some of the good new voices are pitchwise more secure than several shaky-pitched stars of remembered days.

But G & S is devastating satire in the text as well as the music. A major symptom of G & S fever is hot delight and amazement at the easy play of words and manner, so cockeyed, so benignly cutting. In these new recordings each famous verbal caper is set forth ultra clear and most correctly. But there is lacking, to my ear, that sense of fresh personal discovery and delighted passing-the-experience-on which makes even the wobbliest amateur G & S a pleasure for all. This is professional stage stuff, mechanically perfect, done by rote, absently. There is no fever. G & S vets will know what I mean.

—EDWARD TATNALL CANBY.

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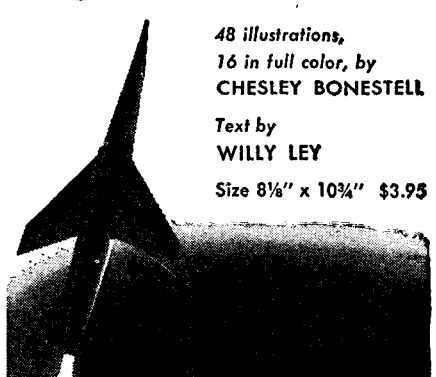

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the Phoenix Nest

MATRIARCH

I AM miserable;
For I am the younger
And have been cruel;
And you are old.

Not weak, not helpless,
Not pitiable—
Except when, as strategy,
You would seem so.

Your anger is a mounting violence;
An unstemmed lava-stream of assault;
An unrestrained tempest and tumult;
And I, in reprisal,

Take the tactic, first,
Of the cruelty of coldness; and then,
Of truths dragged out of the past—
Hard truths, painful truths to confront.

But I unfurl them,
Flaunt them, before you,
As the torero
Flutters the hated muleta,

Swirls the crimson cape
The closer about him the better,
To lure his adversary
To the fall.

You are old,
And thereby, worsted; but I,
The younger, yet not the stronger,
Am victim too, of my own defense.

—JANE LUDLOW.

* * *

Will Cuppy is dead. I was surprised to find that he was two years older than I, for I somehow always associated his quizzical countenance and his spontaneous friendliness with a man much younger. He had something that poets have, the harassment of "wonder," though in him it took fantastic prose form. His book of eighteen years ago, "How to Tell Your Friends from the Apes," bore his cheerfully sardonic spirit even in its title. I do not think that he was really a cynic; but his constant attempts at dream were continually amazed before the fact, and the amazement was turned into his own particular kind of humor. It was unstereotyped. What he found in encyclopedias he transformed into his own particular view of the natural world—perhaps his method of regarding it may have been a bit nearer to an imagined God's than that of most people! For the Creator has certainly presented us with some extraordinary phenomena, mixtures of the esthetic and the sadistic that mere Man could never have conceived. It is all right to regard God as a friend, companion, and guide; but how are you going to account for his freakish moments (as it seems to us) and a super-human mischief that often seems quite unfunny to humans? To ascribe all that to a Fallen Angel, and to think of God as a kindly and rather doddering old gentleman always trying to fix things up, doesn't seem reasonable to me. My idea is of a tremendous being, a real creator, with a wild zest for experiment. Also, as Gamaliel Bradford once said, "He had His pleasant side." Or has. There is certainly exquisite beauty in nature, along with tigers and hyenas and mandrills. Even the mandrill has a gorgeous behind! There are minuscule intricate beauties (at *last* I have spelt minuscule right for Christopher Morley!) and astounding things like the Grand Canyon. Even some of the bugs and reptiles have their points! That is the kind of thing Will Cuppy used to speculate about, while he devoured untold numbers of thrillers and suspense stories and wrote expertly concerning them. Also he lived for a while in a shack on Jones Beach, and was a practising hermit. Later he lived one block from me, downtown in the big city; and now I bitterly regret that I did not see him more often. I am quite sure that if a life comes after this, Will is wandering about in it with a somewhat diffident exploratory expression upon his face. He was grave, too. He had the haunted look of the true humorist. All his friends loved him. Great joy to him, say I!

* * *

CARIBBEAN NOTEBOOK

. . . . Every natural thing looked more bountiful, more luxurious in the tropics. This was especially true of the ocean.

I had frequently heard and read about the "blue" Caribbean. As a result, I had expected to see a startling difference in color between it and the Atlantic. But the change was more subtle than I had expected, and it was not until we again sailed into the Atlantic that the great color difference became fully apparent.

Being accustomed to the reflected blue of the North Atlantic on sunny days, the only difference I noticed at first was that the waters of the Carib-

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bean seemed to retain more of the deep richness of the sky. It was not until later I realized that the sea itself was responsible for the richer hue.

The Atlantic is a cerulean blue that is often dull, gray, and cold looking. On the other hand, the Caribbean is an ultramarine blue that is full-bodied and warm looking. This variety of color is as marked (when one's look is not superficial) as the difference between a gray, sullen day and a bright, sunny day. And the innate coloring of the two oceans is very much like such days: the Atlantic, cloudy; the Caribbean, fair. This is especially noticeable when there is little reflected brilliance from an azure sky.

The sea off Santo Domingo, unlike the Gulf Stream off the coast of the United States, was fairly smooth. Small white-caps, whipped by the gentle breeze, gave it a polka dot appearance. Often it looked like a huge expanse of deep blue ink, speckled by snowy-white soap flakes.

One of our favorite pastimes was merely to stand at the rail, watching the bluish-white spray made by the ship slicing through the tepid waters. The water, pushed back from the bow like a careless lock of hair, rolled away with the smoothness of a hairdresser's cunning fingers enticing vibrant ringlets in a lady's hair-do—making larger and larger waves as it receded from the ship. It would spring, dance, and flirt like a woman's curl suddenly unraveling from a bobby pin. And as the crest of each wave hit the water, thousands of tiny white bubbles would sink down, down, down into the sea and swirl around and up again like an effervescent mountain spring.

Even at night the powdery foam could be seen making love to the navy blue sea. Often its sensuousness was accentuated by thousands of tiny Noctiluca dancing in the waters, giving it that phosphorescence of the tropical sea. The mating of the bubbles with the Caribbean (compared to such match-making in the Atlantic) was as different as an erotic Frenchman and an austere Puritan making love to the lady of his heart.

—Thomas B. Lesure.

* * *

FIRST FROST

Cool is the night and touched with
frost . . .
Where is summer? Summer is lost,
Lost in the woods, her red-gold hair
Streaming behind her, a withered pear
Held in her hand while Autumn takes
over,
Painting with white the purpled
clover.

—Elizabeth Reeves Humphreys.

* * *

The following comes from Miriam Allen deFord, of San Francisco:

> No, don't halt quite yet. The first mystery story I ever red (long before I ever dreamt of writing one)—and still one of the very best—was "Death in the Dusk," by Virgil Markham, Edwin Markham's son. Do you know that one? It is worthy of inclusion in your list, though long ago out of print (published 1928).

* * *

—William Rose Benét.

Solution of Last Week's Double-Crostic (No. 811)

JOHN MASON BROWN: *PLEASANT AGONY**

The only truth I can state (and it takes struggling to get it half stated) is a personal one . . . . . What a man is is the basis of what he dreams and thinks, accepts and rejects, feels and perceives. It is, too, the stuff from which he writes.

*From "Writing for Love or Money," thirty-five essays reprinted from *The Saturday Review of Literature* and edited by Norman Cousins for the 25th Anniversary of the *SRL*.

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(Continued on page 42)

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(Continued from page 41)

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YOUNG MAN, idealist, aesthete, desires correspondence with sincere person. Box 450-A.

UPPER MIDDLE-AGED LADY, college, travel and professional background, desires correspondence with sincere gentleman of culture and refinement. Box 451-A.

SHY YOUNG GIRL desires correspondence with intelligent young man. Interests: books, writing, nature, psychology. Box 452-A.

MALE NOT BORED, seeks correspondence with females bored or not. Box 445-A.

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DOUBLE-CROSTIC No. 812

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Elizabeth S. Kingsley

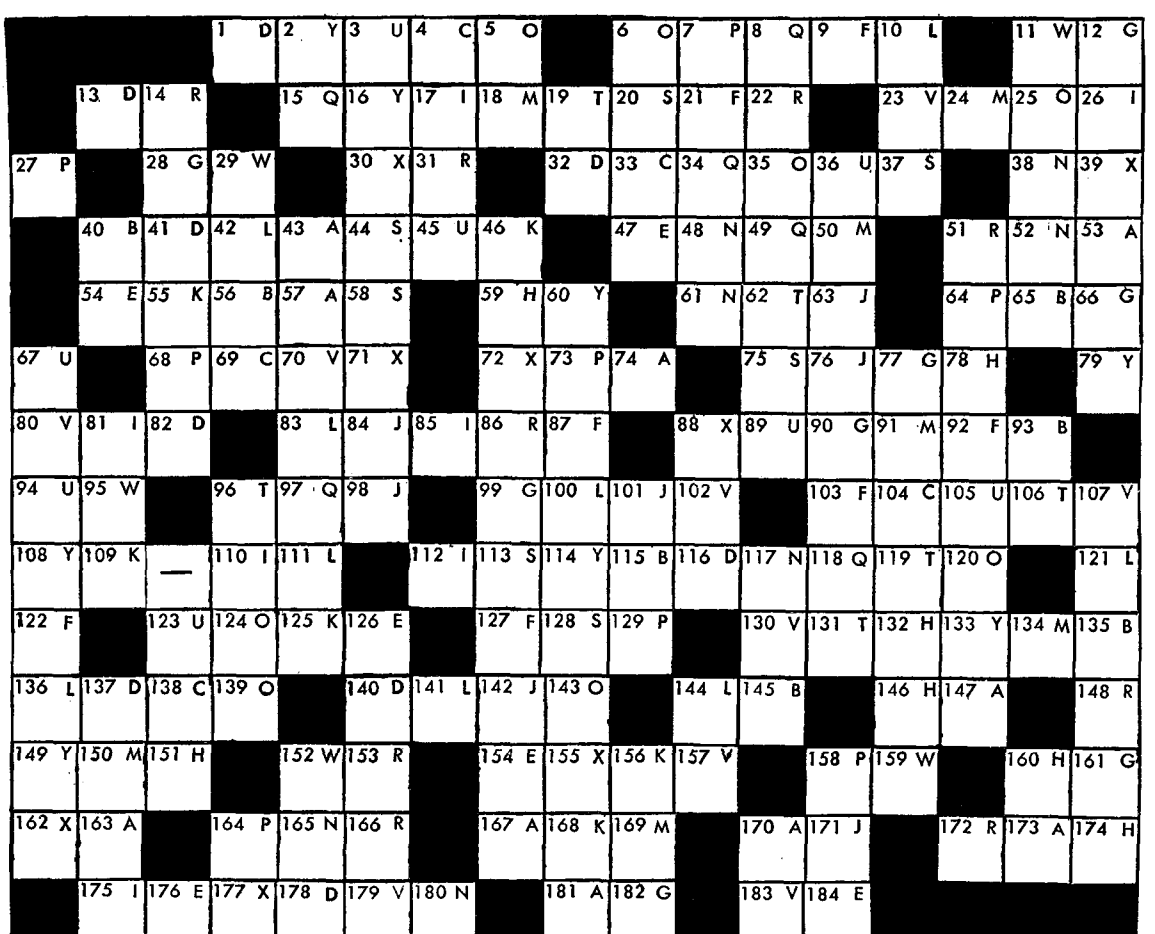
DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Bacbuc in Rabelais' "Pantagruel" (2 wds.).	173 147 43 167 170 181 74 163 57 53
B. A white crystalline compound, in common use as an antipyretic and analgesic (pharm.).	135 145 115 56 40 65 93
C. The most conspicuous constellation in the heavens.	138 4 33 69 104
D. Position from which objects or ideas are seen or thought.	32 178 41 1 82 116 137 13 140
E. Mental, physical, or material condition.	126 184 154 176 47 54
F. Involving tumult or disorder.	9 92 127 21 122 103 87
G. To lay aside; get rid of (2 wds.).	12 161 28 182 90 77 99 66
H. A male hanger-on at the edge of aristocratic society (last name; "Our Mutual Friend").	146 160 174 78 132 59 151
I. Having the appearance of a coating on metals caused by corrosion (comp. degree.).	112 110 175 17 85 81 26
J. A muscle that rotates a part outward (anat.).	171 84 142 63 98 101 76
K. Notwithstanding (2 wds.).	168 55 46 109 156 125
L. Novel by Sir Walter Scott, 1821 (full title).	136 141 83 111 144 100 42 121 10

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
M. Cogitation; reflection.	169 91 150 18 134 24 50
N. Second largest river in China (the "Yellow River"; comp.).	52 38 165 117 180 48 61
O. German music scholar, critic, editor (1880–).	5 35 143 120 6 25 124 139
P. Danish opera tenor, esp. of Wagnerian roles; at the Met. since 1926.	104 27 64 68 7 158 73 129
Q. To feign.	49 34 118 97 15 8
R. Theory or lore of spirit rappings.	51 166 153 172 14 86 31 148 22
S. *Consolidates; becomes one.*	128 37 20 75 44 113 58
T. An eraser.	19 62 131 96 119 106
U. To extol in speech or writing.	67 94 123 36 105 89 45 3
V. Very important.	102 130 70 80 179 23 107 183 157
W. Place in Asia Minor of victory by Alexander the Great over Darius and the Persians.	11 159 29 152 95
X. Seat of a Connecticut university.	30 71 88 155 162 177 39 72
Y. Nanoid.	79 108 16 149 60 133 114 2

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Read up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 41 of this issue.

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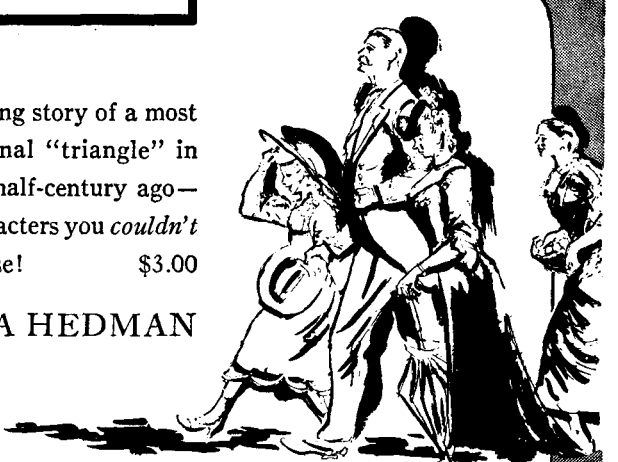

Uncle, Aunt and Jezebel

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